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DR. MARIE STOPES
as thousands have seen her on the lecture platform.

THE
AUTHORIZED LIFE
OF
MARIE C. STOPES

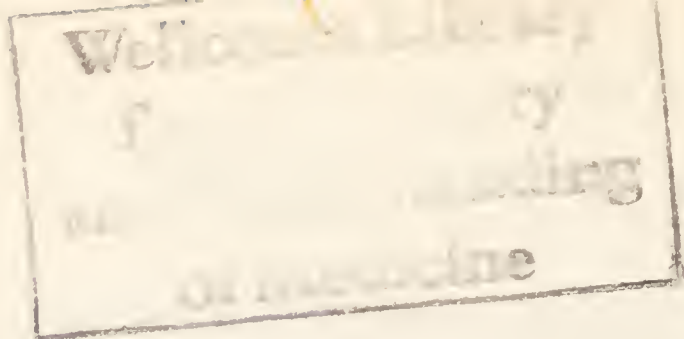
BY
AYLMER MAUDE

AUTHOR OF
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*Editor of the "Maude Tolstoy" in the World's
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The Life of Marie C. Stopes.

CHAPTER I.

THE THEME.

TO write the life of a friend who is still very much alive presents difficulties, but they are compensated for in the present case by the fact that I am able to consult the subject of my work and her family, and draw much of my material direct from the fountain head. I had a similar experience when I wrote *The Life of Tolstoy*, but there my subject was eighty years of age and had nearly completed his life's span, whereas my present subject is still young, and her work in full progress without any sign of exhaustion. In the former case I wrote of the ablest man I had met, and now I am writing of the ablest woman I have met. In both instances their personality and the influence exercised by their works, as well as misunderstanding

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and misrepresentation to which they have been exposed, invite attention.

Dr. Stopes's world-wide reputation as a scientist, especially as a leading authority on palæobotany and coal-research, is not the sort of reputation that quickly reaches the general public. What has made her name rapidly familiar the world over has been the revolution she has effected in the general attitude towards sex. When, under the influence of painful personal experience, she began to touch that question, six years ago, no intelligible principles were recognisable among us to guide people in their matrimonial arrangements. There was, on the one hand, an obscure impression that virginity, celibacy, and the suppression of the sex-instinct, were ideals for normal men and women to aim at, while on the other hand there was an equally cloudy belief that married couples ought either to avoid marital relations or produce as many offspring as chance might send—regardless of whether such offspring were likely to be healthy or unhealthy and whether the parents could support them or not; regardless also of the effect continuous child-bear-

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ing would have on the health, or even on the life, of the mother. Guidance was sometimes offered on the basis of a misapplication of the 38th chapter of Genesis—which relates to a pre-Mosaic state of morality and has to be violently twisted before it can even be made to appear to apply to the problems of to-day. All this was merely a darkening of counsel with words, unsatisfying alike to those who read the Bible for themselves, and to those who sought reasonable guidance elsewhere for their sex-relationships.

Many felt the need of a sensible principle on which sex morality could rest, and in the chapter on "The Sex Question" in my book *Leo Tolstoy* I ventured to say: "It may be necessary to overhaul the accepted ideals on this subject and to consider it afresh," and had suggested the principle that "those things are good in sexual relations which make for the health, happiness, and efficiency of the present and future generations"; but this was a cold philosophic conclusion, and it was Dr. Stopes who supplied what was really needed, namely, an application to the detailed treatment of the sex problem of a keenly trained scientific brain in com-

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bination with artistic ability to convey her feelings, and an appreciation of the immense importance of the subject for the welfare of mankind.

Love and hunger are the two great driving forces of humanity, and we cannot afford to allow a taboo to inhibit the application of thought to the problems relating to either of these, nor can any system of morality be effective the reason for which cannot be so stated as to commend it to the acceptance of rational people frankly facing the facts life sets before us.

In relation to ordinary normal humanity Dr. Stopes agrees with what is said in the Bible: that it is not good that "man should be alone," and with the implication of the text which says that "male and female created he them." She also agrees with St. Paul's injunction to husbands and wives: "Defraud ye not one the other, except it be by consent for a season"; and she is sure that it is nothing less than a crime for people recklessly, or deliberately, to bring into the world children who cannot be healthy or be decently provided for, and that it is also a crime to sacrifice the health

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and lives of women by demanding that they shall bear children beyond their capacity to do so healthily and willingly.

To indicate on the one hand scientific reasons why normal marital relations are favourable to the development of one's mental and physical powers and one's capacity to serve God and man, and why on the other hand the ascetic type of celibate is often cantankerous, embittered, and troublesome, required up-to-date knowledge of the action of secretions in the human body. To discover and point out the hidden rocks on which many marriages are wrecked owing to ignorance of a normal sex-rhythm in healthy women, was work specially suitable for a woman-scientist. Considerable courage was needed to present these matters to the general public (whom they so greatly concern) in defiance of the social taboo that then still prevailed, and of a medical prejudice against the lay public being permitted to understand things that pertain to their peace. Besides these qualities, literary skill was needed, and much tact had to be employed, to present the case so that it should reach a wide circle of readers and con-

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vince them, without creating any avoidable friction.

The effect of Dr. Stopes's efforts, in so short a time as six years, has amounted to nothing less than a revolution in the general attitude towards sex. She has created a new atmosphere and a new terminology. Even her opponents now use her language; the difference noticeable before and after the publication of *Married Love* is most marked. Heaps of imitators and heaps of converts have appeared.

On the special question of birth control (which by the way is only briefly alluded to in a couple of pages of *Married Love*) a great deal had been written before Dr. Stopes dealt with the matter, and as long ago as 1868 there had even been a voluminous correspondence about it in a leading London newspaper, but, in spite of much discussion concerning this and some other special aspects of the sex-problem, it somehow happened that up to the time when Dr. Stopes began her work ignorance on the general subject was so prevalent, and so widespread was the superstition that peculiar moral virtue pertained to ignorance,

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that it was still possible for an intelligent, alert, and scientifically-minded woman to experience great difficulty in obtaining information that to-day is readily accessible to every intelligent inquirer.

The battle is now set between a reasonable and an unreasonable moral code; and though the force of inertia and a long tradition of ignorance are on the side of the obscurantists, the ultimate triumph of light against darkness is already assured.

In this introductory chapter I will merely quote the opinions expressed by two writers well qualified to judge of the value of Dr. Stopes's work. Owing to the extreme urgency of the need, the public has over-emphasized her birth-control work and under-estimated her general work on sex. Concerning this latter Dr. Havelock Ellis, the leading world authority on sexology, writing in the *Medical Review of Reviews* (Vol. 25, No. 2, Feb., 1919), says of some of the new observations in *Married Love*:—

“This seems to represent the most notable advance made during recent years in the knowledge of women's psycho-physiological life.” And Mr. Luther Munday wrote:—

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“There always have been situations experienced that neither the Bible nor Science have hitherto explained. . . . But through your thought has come, once for all, a message clean and pure, linking the mystery of sex with the majesty of the Eternal and giving happiness to all during life’s little part of immortality here on Earth.”

The following chapters furnish some account of the preparation Dr. Stopes had for her work, of the fields in which she has made her mark, of what she herself is like, of the personal experiences that directed her attention to the problems of sex, and of the opposition she has encountered.

It is greatly to be hoped that, both on the problems of sex and on other subjects, Dr. Stopes will add much in the future to what she has already given us.

CHAPTER II.

GLIMPSES OF CHILDHOOD.

MARIE CARMICHAEL STOPES, the first child of Henry Stopes and Charlotte Carmichael, his wife, was born in Edinburgh, the town of her mother's birth and upbringing, but her father was pure English, and at the age of six weeks the baby girl became a Londoner, which, in essence, she has remained ever since.

Henry Stopes was by profession an architect, but since early childhood had a passion for fossils and the stone tools left by prehistoric man. Indeed, at the age of eight years he was whipped soundly for insisting on taking his stones to bed with him, and through life his passion for archæological research furnished him with a second career, which undoubtedly greatly influenced the home surroundings of his children and, in the case of his elder daughter, largely directed the line of her development. Long before his death Henry Stopes had accumulated the largest private collection in the world of pre-

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historic stone implements, and their constant care and classification, as well as collection, was a great feature in his elder daughter's life from her earliest childhood. Henry Stopes's interests were profound in many directions and very human; in addition to these two main interests he was a noted agricultural expert, writing regularly under a *nom-de-plume* for agricultural papers, and being Chairman of the British Judges of Barley; being indeed a pioneer in the critical judging of grain. He accumulated statistics on the effects of different rotations of crops in connection with prize-winning strains and so on, which meant a great deal of statistical work from the records of numerous entrants for the annual barley competitions, in which his little girl, before she was twelve years old, used to help him, or was led to believe that she was helping him, while undoubtedly he was training her in arithmetic and in a scientific attitude of mind towards life in general.

Marie Stopes sometimes calls herself a "British Association Baby," for Henry Stopes and Miss Carmichael were first introduced at a meeting of the British Asso-

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ciation; and Marie was taken, from childhood, to almost every meeting of the Association during her school days, only missing those meetings which were held overseas.

Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, her mother, was one of the pioneers of women's University education, having been the first woman to take the University Certificate in Literature, Philosophy, and a number of other subjects at Edinburgh University when they were given by the Professors privately for the ladies, who were afterwards examined with the same examination papers as the men, but from whom degrees were withheld. Charlotte Carmichael headed many a list in the early days when Miss Jex Blake was studying medicine. After marriage Miss Carmichael came to live in London, and took up the study of Shakespearean contemporary history, becoming an expert in reading early records and ferreting out many of the facts time had rendered obscure about Shakespeare's life history. She is the author, among other works, of "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered," "Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries," "The Life of the Earl of Southampton,"

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and a large number of serious original contributions published by the learned and periodical press.

Thus on both sides the baby Marie inherited a variety of intellectual interests. One of her maternal great grandfathers was Brown, the Royal Architect, in Edinburgh, who not only repaired Holyrood Palace but designed and built many of the finest streets and squares in the West End of Edinburgh which still delight the town-planners of to-day. Another maternal great grandfather was William Carmichael, Writer to the Signet, assistant and then successor to Sir Walter Scott. The Scott family were intimate with the Carmichaels, and Lady Scott personally embroidered a beautiful Christening robe for one member of the family, which descended to Marie, was used for her own Christening, and is now handed on to her son.

On her father's side, behind an immediate Quaker connection, there was a long line of Anglican clergy.

Inherited also was a great liking, indeed almost a passion, for travel. After the journey at six weeks from Edinburgh to

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London, the nine-months-old baby was taken to the seaside and plunged into the sea, and thereafter never less than twice a year, and often more frequently, she made a journey to some part of England or Scotland, becoming later on a world-wide traveller.

After a few years little Marie had a sister, called Winifred, and these two were the only children of their parents, no boys being wished for. This fact, and the attitude of generous appreciation towards women that was characteristic of her father, undoubtedly had a favourable influence on her character and achievements through life, for she was brought up from her earliest consciousness not only to feel that her birth had been desired, but that she, as a girl, had been wished for and that no boy would have satisfied her parents as she did. For an eldest child who has the misfortune to be a girl when a boy is desired, a very different home and outlook must develop. Whilst still a tiny child, when asked by enquirers if, besides her sister there was no brother, she would gravely announce that pussy was her brother, and she thinks she was prob-

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ably 8 or 9 years old before she realised that pussy was not a brother. Her father being particularly fond of cats, and having an almost magical power of training them, the family pussy had its own dinner-service and used to sit up at table with the children, eating off its own plate on the table from a high chair just like Marie's little sister.

From her uneventful childhood, a few points stand out in her memory as being of great importance in the development of her character. One of these was a nurse who was for many years their devoted attendant, and after whom the favourite doll was called "Little Annie." Nurse Annie, one day, looking at the doll's dress which the child was sewing, remarked that it was very good "for a lady," and Marie, at that time not more than six or seven years of age, blazed with indignation that it should not be very good in itself. In some queer childish way she resented the fact that a lady should be considered incapable of doing things as well as other people, and determined that she would sew, at any rate, as well as a servant. This she did, but unfortunately the nurse said nothing about knitting like a lady; so

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that when she was twelve years old and went first to school, she immediately took first place in the sewing class and bottom place in the knitting class.

A rather absurd introduction to her later well-known birth-control ideas also may be traced to the nursery. Her mother one day, when the nurse told her that new boots were needed, laughingly remarked, "Oh, what should I do if I had a dozen children?" Little Marie gravely remarked: "You would drown all the others, and keep Winnie and me."

In London the Stopes family lived beside the Crystal Palace in a house in Cintra Park, overlooking private grounds on one side and with ground behind the three central gardens of the neighbouring circle of houses, which went uphill and downhill, so that the children had much space in which to play. Mr. Stopes built a wing on to the house that they took and, having very enlightened architectural ideas for those days, had an open verandah connecting the back parts of the house, for the convenience of the maids and to make an open-air playground for the children in wet weather.

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In the garden an old quince tree was a favourite resort of the children, because they could lie on its branches and overlook the stableyard, and watch the horses being groomed. It was under this quince tree, too, that Marie Stopes says she first got the idea, as a very small child, which finds expression in her pamphlet "Mother, how was I born?"—for it was just by that quince tree that, as a prattling child of four or five, she was talking about babies and where her little sister had come from, and she felt, rather than saw, that people were laughing while telling her the gooseberry-bush fiction, and she then felt, with a flush of insight and indignation, that they were lying to her. The matter however did not actually interest her, but the vivid impression of that moment has painted on her memory every leaf, and the exact arrangement of the grass and of the border walks, so that it is the most vividly remembered scene of the whole of that home.

The children were taken regularly once or twice a year to some seaside place, and for many years they went to different seaside resorts in the South of Scotland. At about

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the age of nine, North Berwick was the choice, and Marie's inherited passion for fossils had full vent in the collection of crinoids which were washed up thickly on the seashore. There too Marie Stopes tells me that she has a very vivid memory of lying on her back in the garden at North Berwick and really, for the first time in her life, noticing the clouds; noticing them, that is to say, in such a way that to this day she can remember their shapes and patterns and the thrilling sense of portentous glory their mounting and swiftly riding god-like forms created in her mind. She thinks this was connected in some way with the reading of a book, "Tales of Ancient Greece," which had been given to her not long before; but she says it felt as though she had suddenly looked through a glass-door into the whole Universe, peopled with mysterious beings she had never seen before and never ceased to see thereafter. A little later, indeed she thinks that very summer, a sense of personal shame and inferiority developed in her, which she did not get over for many years, and at that time almost her only consolation was the story of the Ugly Duckling

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in Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. The first sense of personal shame resulted from her mothers' advanced, and as we moderns would think very sensible, ideas. Little Marie had been given a knitted dress to wear, when no one else, at any rate in that seaside place, was advanced enough to be wearing knitted dresses; and instead of feeling happy and distinctive in it she felt utterly ashamed to appear different from other children; a feeling that was accentuated by the fact that a young cousin laughed at her. About this same time, owing to the curious inaccuracy and incompleteness of a child's ideas, this feeling was emphasised and increased by the following incident. The Stopes family and three or four other families in the district combined to employ the services of a private dance-mistress, who came in turn to each of the four houses, where the class was held in rotation. Mrs. Stopes, when her turn came, gave the children a nice tea of wholesome cakes without currants, and to make them attractive used to send to town for cakes with coloured icings and various fancy things she thought the children would like.

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One of the other households, however, gave only rock buns and milk. Poor little Marie thought that rock buns, as they contained currants, which she was never allowed to have at home, were something much grander and more expensive, and was always ashamed of the fact that they were not rich enough to have rock buns for tea. As usual with her however no external sign of this deep shame was ever shown, but for years she felt crushed and humiliated by the fact that to her a halfpenny rock bun was far grander than an iced gateau. At this time and all through her earlier childhood her father was very well to do—but he had great financial losses when she was about eleven, which left them permanently impoverished in comparison with the earlier expectations.

Marie's education was exceptional in many ways. Her mother having been brought up in the good old Scottish school, started the little girl of about five on Greek and Latin roots, so as to give her a fundamental knowledge of the structure of the English language. But Marie proved so stupid that this was dropped and, beyond

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being taught to read and write, she had indeed almost no education until, a few days before she was twelve, she was sent to school. This statement should however be qualified by mention of something that, again, greatly influenced her mental attitude towards the Universe. A large atlas was solemnly brought out every morning, and on its title-page this atlas had a circle in which part of the world was drawn with clouds around it. Her first memory of any lesson at all was pointing with a stubby little baby finger at this circle, representing a sphere, and repeating "The world is round and rolls in space." This formula, which was repeated daily for years, so impressed itself on her that she was always trying to feel the world rolling in space and even, as a very small child, used to wonder which way up she was standing at any given moment.

Marie and her sister Winifred were sent to St. George's School in Edinburgh for their first schooling, and then the unusual nature of her preliminary training, pitted against the ordinary school curriculum, left her woefully behind her age in attainments,

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so that she was put with a class of girls much younger than herself. In half a term however she began to find her feet, but not before her backwardness had emphasised the feeling of shame and humiliation at her inferiority, which indeed throughout her schooldays was strongly characteristic of her, and which she tried to hide by making the most of any attainments that she thought she had; and she undoubtedly had some that were unusual in a child of her age. For instance, she had been entrusted by her father with a small collection of flint implements he was presenting to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, and when she was taken down with them to Dr. Anderson, the learned Director of the Museum, without any hesitation or embarrassment she gave him what amounted to a lecture on their nature and uses, and told him what to write on the labels for the exhibition cases. So amused were her elders by her expert knowledge of these implements, that her head mistress asked her to lecture to the assembled school on the subject. This she did, her audience consisting of the entire school including the

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teachers. Having never been brought up to an acute personal consciousness or any personal conceit, she did not realise then that there was anything unusual or surprising in facing such an audience. A diary which Dr. Stopes kept as a child for some weeks still exists, and begins with an entry concerning her first day at school: "Oct. Tuesday 4. I went to school at 10 o'clock and did not like it at all. I went to bed very cross." Three days later comes an entry relating to what subsequently became one of her chief studies. "Friday, 7th. Went to school. It was so nice we had an object lesson on coal-mines and coal."

While in Edinburgh she had the immense advantage of the kindly personal friendship of Miss S. E. S. Mair, her mother's friend, one of the originators of the St. George's Girls' School, the best school in Edinburgh, and a leader of social life and advanced thought in that city. Miss Mair used to give famous parties for little girls, at which, after a sumptuous tea, each child was asked to make a clever remark to entertain the whole company. Marie's remarks, though presumably not clever, were extremely

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embarrassing to her and kept her petrified with fear throughout the whole tea, so that she used to feel that it was a great pity the remarks were not asked for before tea, because then her appetite would have been so much better for the tea itself—a feeling that no doubt many after-dinner speakers have shared. In Edinburgh also the horizon of the two little girls was enlarged by the kindly care and interest of Miss Menzies, who had a great interest in Iceland and read many Icelandic and Northern sagas aloud to them. Miss Menzies too had a comfortable elderly cook who took Marie's domestic education in hand and on Saturdays taught her home cooking and the making of real Scotch scones and shortbreads, interesting her in cooking, and sowing the seeds of an accomplishment which later in life proved of great value when she was out camping, or living under unusual conditions, as she often did.

After two years in Edinburgh the children were brought back to London and were sent to the North London Collegiate School, whose head mistress was Dr. Sophie Bryant, the successor of Miss Buss, the original

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founder of the School. Although two years of Edinburgh schooling had made Marie rather better able to meet girls of her own age on an equality, she was still far behind her years in many of the routine school subjects; and when she finally passed the London matriculation, second-class, her Latin mistress said to her: "I do not know how you did it, you had no business to get through," and she replied: "I did it by writing very clearly everything I knew and saying nothing about the things I did not know; for I thought it would save the Examiners' time"—a remark which showed much penetration, for in later years, when Dr. Marie Stopes herself became an examiner, she learnt how examiners are worried by illegible handwriting and screeds of mazy reading which do not make it clear to them what the candidates know and what they do not know. At the North London Collegiate School the two girls were still educated in a rather unusual way. They were not permitted to go to afternoon school, and only lived in London from Monday mornings till Friday middays, going home to a country house in the then beautiful

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village of Swanscombe. The house there was an old Elizabethan oak-panelled house which Marie was old enough to appreciate, and the charm of which, and the mysterious beauty of some of its rooms, fascinated her in her early adolescence. At the age of about fourteen she often got up at four or five in the morning in order to be alone in the old rooms, one or two of which she sketched very industriously though with little talent. These pictures however are still precious to her as recalling the house she has ever loved. It had a very high stone wall along the tiny village street on one side, and opened into cherry orchards leading to woodlands on the other, and it was in these woods and flowery lanes that Marie first really saw the beauty of flowers. She says : “ At the age of fifteen I remember observing the faces of flowers as passionately as I had at the age of about nine observed the sky. I escaped by myself one day into the woods and spent several hours lying motionless, gazing into the faces of the violets. That too was the opening of a door into another universe. Of course, I suppose I must have seen flowers before, but till then I had never

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felt the sight of them." This home in Swanscombe had been taken because of Henry Stopes's great interest in the brick-earths and gravels of the surrounding neighbourhood, which teemed with relics of pre-historic man in the shape of both palæoliths and neoliths, and there Marie, and to a less extent her sister Winifred, spent nearly all their holiday time and almost the whole of every Saturday and Sunday, collecting specimens with their father in the quarries and on the fields, washing them, labelling them, and cataloguing them, with him. To this house also came many visitors of interest to the growing children. "One of my school-girl memories of Swanscombe is the famous editor, Mr. Norman Maccoll, the editor of the then thunderer, the *Athenæum*. He was always very charming to us children, but disapproved of our going into the woodlands without gloves, as he said we were to be young ladies in the future and should have white hands. So on the days that he came to lunch we used to put on gloves to go round the woodlands with him, but never on other occasions. He was a very stout, elderly gentleman with long beard and a

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benign, fatherly face, though his literary criticisms were the terror of many a serious author. We did not look upon him with such awe as we undoubtedly should have done, and I remember once luring him to sit on a very firm bush, through which he promptly went, leaving only his head and his feet sticking up, and from which the united strength of my little sister and myself were insufficient to extricate him, red and indignant, and very much less pompously impressive than usual. I remember another occasion when, to avoid climbing a high fence, we children stepped through, and he, miscalculating the width of the bar, followed us but stuck midway. No pushing or pulling could get him either in or out. He became purple in the face, and we were all frantic. My mother, as one of his reviewers and an author whose reputation could be made or marred by his paper, was almost in tears, and my father at last was so genuinely concerned that he ran home for a saw. I also remember Seton Karr, the famous lion-hunter, lunching with us and being escorted across the cherry orchard by my sister and myself, wherein we encountered two or three

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cows from whom Seton Karr fled with teeth chattering, while my sister and I remained a protective bodyguard between him and the cows. We were firmly convinced at the time that he was in real fear of them, and I remember preaching to myself a moral lesson on the vanity of courage. Now, however, I begin to wonder whether he was not an adept in the art of pleasing children. A man who also made a great impression on my early childhood was the very lovable late Dr. Furnivall, the famous Shakespearean, who often came to lunch with us in his pink shirt and with his pink bald head, and went with us through the woods in a state of childlike glee. He first among all my acquaintances showed me the delight of lying flat on one's back in the baking sunshine, and I well remember his refusal to proceed round the woodland with my mother and the rest of the party, and insisting on lying where he was on the violet-decked slope in the sun for an hour at a time, while the rest took the decorous walk round the crest and picked him up on their return. I remember also there Professor Sayce, the famous Assyriologist, whose life has just

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been published, and who was much interested in my father's implements; and also Mr. Mabson, the owner and editor of the *Statist*, a journal for which my father sometimes wrote.

“As a young girl I met so many of my parents' friends, mostly people who were doing something in the world of thought, that it is difficult to say who influenced me and who did not; but I clearly remember an outstanding influence from one talk with Sir Francis Galton and also from Mrs. Alec Tweedie, whose house I was sometimes taken to visit. Once at a party at Robert Mond's country house she introduced me to him as ‘a girl who is going to do great things.’ I felt it was incumbent upon me to try to live up to such an introduction!”

With the exception of one annual day for their chief school friends, the children had almost no young companionship, but listened to the talk of scientific or literary experts at their parents' table, and found their chief amusement in the constant companionship of their father. When the elder girl was about fifteen however the parents thought it wise to come nearer to their school, and

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the family moved to Hampstead, by chance to the house next door to Professor Bonney, the geologist. Professor Bonney had not grasped who his new neighbour was, and when hundreds of butter boxes were piled in the garden, he gave out a groan round the neighbourhood, that his new neighbour was a wretched grocer. Professor Bonney, who was more a geologist than an archæologist, showed only a polite interest in the boxes when he found out that the contents were museum specimens of stone implements and not the remains of a grocery business.

The continuous unconscious education which companionship with her father gave Marie was supplemented, whilst settling into this house, by really expert lessons in carpentry. Her father, always anxious that she should not do things in a "ladylike" way, taught the girl when and how to use screws instead of nails, and how to mitre a corner, in making cabinets or shelves, and both girls helped their father to put up many shelves and make arrangements for his specimens. This resulted in a passion to do things for herself, and a small room was allotted as a study for the girls, which

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Marie distempered with a stencilled design of her own make, and for which she constructed a good deal of the furniture. In this room she pursued her school studies in an erratic way, hurrying through the official homework and, as she grew older, reading many books it would probably have surprised her elders to know that she read. "Between the ages of sixteen and seventeen I read most of Kant and Swedenborg, a great deal of comparative theology, as well as a large number of out-of-the-way novels, and, of course, many scientific books, such as 'The Origin of Species' and others then new to me, which it would have shocked my mother very much to know that I was taking seriously."

In her later school years Marie had more or less caught up to the standard for her age, but until she reached the Sixth Form and was a Prefect, she never felt really sure among her school contemporaries. Even though in many classes she headed the list, she always came down in some other subject. She was seldom indisputably top of the class, but when she was nearly seventeen the chemistry mistress, Miss Aitken,

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developed scarlet fever, and for the next morning's work there was no teacher. Marie, without hesitation, went to the headmistress and said that as she had been spending some hours in the laboratory she knew just what Miss Aitken had intended to give to those classes, and that she could show where the apparatus was ready prepared. Dr. Sophie Bryant, the headmistress, in view of the crisis, and also possibly to test the quality of a girl in whom she felt some interest, asked Marie if she could take the classes, which she did; and then for six weeks, directed only by correspondence from Miss Aitken, Marie took the chemistry for the whole school, including the class of which she was herself a member. She was very proud when she received a present of £5 for having done this, and much humiliated when having sent a receipt without a stamp on it, this was returned for her to rectify the error. Nevertheless she went through the school leaving a general impression on most, if not all, the mistresses, except Miss Aitken and Dr. Sophie Bryant herself, that she was a stupid girl whose plodding perseverance alone saved her from

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disgracing herself in the examinations. Among her school-mates she made a few lasting friendships. Her great school friend, and the only one whose life has remained in close contact with her own, is Olga Kapteyn, a girl of Dutch descent, niece of Professor Kapteyn, the famous astronomer. These two girls, who both had a passion for colour, including a love of gold and orange tone for silk (which was then almost unattainable), came together over their intense appreciation of their teacher, Miss Aitken. Of Miss Aitken, Marie Stopes says: "She was, undoubtedly, the greatest influence in my school career. She opened to me the door that led to all the exquisite beauty of Italian art and of the school of artists represented by Watts, Rossetti, and their contemporaries. She taught me chemistry so well that I was doing work of honours degree standard in physical chemistry before I left school, and she strengthened and hardened my character by her mingled austerity and beauty. I had undoubtedly the usual schoolgirl's 'Schwärmerei' for other teachers whom I thought I loved more at the time. But Miss Aitken and Dr. Sophie Bryant are the two

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mistresses who understood me and influenced me, and to whom I owe a lasting debt of gratitude.”

On leaving school Marie Stopes was given a leaving Scholarship in Science, and under the influence of Miss Aitken she went to University College, London, rather than to a Woman's College which had been suggested for her. Miss Aitken wisely said: “If you are going to do science at all, do it under the biggest men of the day.”

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT.

WHETHER Marie Stopes should go to a Women's College or to University College, London, was being discussed by her parents, the headmistress and teachers. The girl however settled it for herself by going down to University College and entering herself there as a student in the faculty of science. That was in the days of Miss Rosa Morrison as the women's tutor, and after due formalities and recommendations had been put through the question came up of the classes she would take. As her last two years at school had included considerably more training in zoology and chemistry than is usual for a schoolgirl, the chemistry indeed being far beyond the intermediate standard, and up to the degree standard, Marie wanted to enter for honours in the intermediate examination at the University. Professor Sir William Ramsay was always very sympathetic towards any student with ambitions, but did not himself conduct the practical classes for the juniors, though he gave them

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their lectures. The Professor naturally would not hear of her doing honours degree work until the intermediate examination had been passed, so that chemistry, from being the young student's chief interest and most advanced study, dropped into second place. Receiving considerable encouragement from the Professor of Botany, Professor Oliver, who was willing to give the necessary attention even to one honours student, the girl took up honours in that subject, in which at school she had taken very little interest; and she made botany her main work for the first year at the University. At the close of the first year, naturally, there were the College class examinations, and owing to the curious lack of personal supervision—which, though it is in many respects one of the best features of University life, has its inconveniences—no one, not even the dons under whom she was working or the Dean of the University, ever told her that by taking the class examinations she would enable the Professors to place her for some of the various scholarships which were available. When the young student asked Professor Oliver at the

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end of the Session whether it was compulsory, or wise, for her to take the class examination, his reply was "It is a free country." The Professor of Zoology, the famous protozoologist, Minchin, on the other hand, most kindly came to her in the laboratory one day shortly before the examinations, and urged her to take sufficient trouble with the nomenclature of the bones, saying that if only she would work up the bones with their foramina she would be nearly certain to get the medal for the class. But the obstinate young student replied that no medal would be worth her wasting the small amount of brains she felt she possessed on learning the names of the bones, and that she could not see the advantage of learning them, when they were always available in a book; what she wanted to do was to learn things she could not find in books. The Professor laughed, and had another friendly, but rather reproachful, smile when she took the second place in the class instead of the first.

How much this unguided young student lacked orientation was also shown by the fact that on the annual Prize Day of the College she was spending the morning fish-

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ing for algæ in the Botanic Gardens with a fellow-student, who urged her to come to the College in the afternoon. Her dress was wet and covered with the slimy green of the algæ, and she did not feel inclined to go at all, but her fellow-student pressed her to do so, and she slipped into the back of the Hall when prize distribution was in progress, entirely unaware even of the possibility of any prizes coming her way, and was incredulous when the fact that she was the recipient of a gold medal was announced and her name was called. Instead of being pleased, she was much distressed at receiving this gold medal, for she felt that if work such as hers secured a gold medal, it must indeed be a disappointing thing to be a Professor with such poor students. She told me she stayed awake the whole night crying about it, and vowed to herself to be worthy of it in the future.

Ridiculously unoriented also was she about the little feminine things generally of interest to girls. For some time after going to the University, for instance, she wore a ring on her engagement finger, and when asked by her fellow-students when she was

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going to be married, was amazed to learn that this was the engagement finger, as she had not known that there was any such thing. The ring had been given her by her mother, and the girl had no knowledge that any significance was involved in wearing it. Similarly, when in the first year of her college course she received her first proposal of marriage, the man was surprised at her reply: "But I am not nearly old enough to think about such things; surely I do not look twenty-five." And he had to learn that, of course, she would not consider anything of the sort until she was twenty-five, "because nice girls do not." Her father had brought her up in this belief, with the very proper intention of delaying her sex-consciousness as long as possible, and so strictly and implicitly had she accepted the idea, that nothing the man could say could persuade her that it was not most improper of him even to have thought it possible that marriage could be discussed with a nice girl under twenty-five. Naturally such a girl was not always understood by her fellow-students, but she was popular enough to be made the President of the Women's Union

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Debating Society and one of the hockey eleven.

Shortly after the College examinations the open University examinations took place. Marie Stopes took the first place in first-class honours and gained the University Scholarship.

During that first year at the University, in addition to the Intermediate work at University College, she was pursuing, without the Professors or anyone else knowing it, work beyond the ordinary Degree standard in zoology—partially under the tuition of an old school teacher, a friend, and partly at Birkbeck College, where she went to the Evening Classes for the honours course in zoology—on the small animaculæ and invertebrates. In this way she gained a considerably wider training and experience in zoology than is generally recognised, and this point is of some importance in connection with the rather absurd criticisms sometimes levelled at her work in human research, to the effect that she is “only a botanist,” and therefore has no business to make discoveries in fields outside the floral world. She had in fact a very adequate training in a number of

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branches of science, including microscopic zoological work which pre-eminently qualified her to tackle scientifically the branch of human research work in connection with birth-control which she took up later on.

For the tripos for her degree she had originally intended to take chemistry, but having been diverted to an interest in botany greater than she had expected, and also from a sense of indebtedness to the Professor of Botany who had so kindly encouraged her work, as well as from the fact that her scholarship was given on the results of the botanic examination, she felt it incumbent on her to take botany as the main subject. Then, too, she had not outgrown the "inferiority complex" which always made her doubt her own powers, and without telling any of her Professors, she secretly decided that she would get some practice in taking examinations, so she quietly entered for the external honours degree at the end of one year instead of at the end of three. For this it was possible, in those days, to take only two subjects instead of three, if the student passed in honours standard in one subject and obtained a first-class pass in the second.

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When the Registrar of the University (Dr.—now Sir—Frank Heath) received this entry as an external examinee from an internal student at University College, he sent for her very kindly and begged her to reconsider what she was doing, saying it was ridiculous and impossible for anyone to try to do honours as well as first-class pass in one year. A kindly argument was of no avail, and the headstrong girl said: “I will not only get first-class pass, I will get honours in *both* subjects at the end of the year,” an undertaking which, as the event proved, she made good under tragic circumstances. The two subjects she then decided on were botany and geology, and for the geological work she had the immense advantage of a practical training in the field all through the summer from a member of the Geological Survey who was training a couple of young men as mining engineers in survey work. Shortly before the actual examination took place, on which she had started rather as a joke or a purely experimental effort, it became seriously urgent and important for her to succeed, owing to the grave illness of her father. Indeed, on the night of the main

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examination in botany the girl was up all night with the fear that her father would die at any moment. This, though it reduced the quality of her work, fortunately did not prevent her winning a first-class honours place, and as her father's death appeared imminent, her Professor very kindly obtained the results of the degree for her privately, so that she was able to tell her father, before his death, what greatly interested and pleased him, namely, that she had passed the Bachelor of Science Degree in double honours—though the published lists were not out until after his death. The mutual love between herself and her father was exceptionally intense, and the shock of his loss affected her inner life for many years.

The result of her hurried examination brought her a further scholarship, which was sufficient to take her abroad; but as she had defied the Professors and taken the degree after too brief a period of study, she conscientiously made up the remains of another year at University College, doing minor research work and completing some of the classes she ought to have taken. At

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this period Professor Oliver and Dr. Scott were actively engaged on a research of great palæontological significance, which led to the recognition of an entirely new group of extinct plants. In order to find some small clues necessary to complete the association of the fragmentary remains of the fossils, some Sherlock-Holmes-like scientific detective work had to be done on all the leading collections of fossil plants in England, and the young student had the good fortune to be deputed by Professor Oliver and Dr. Scott to do this on their behalf in Manchester and in some private collection in the north, as well as at the Natural History Museum. The work on the Owens College collection in Manchester University was not only of technical value to that research, but of great educational value to the student, and an incident that occurred in connection with it proved important to Dr. Stopes later on. Professor, now Sir William Boyd Dawkins, was the Professor of geology in whose charge the collections were, and he very kindly arranged to take the student out on to the moors and show her horizons in which fossils occur in the Todmorden district. On the

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morning of the little expedition there was a hopeless downpour from early dawn, but the opportunity of going to these districts was too precious to lose, and of course Marie Stopes turned up at the station, but equally of course she found no Professor there to meet her. She then decided to go by herself, though she did not know the district at all; and she spent the day walking the eight or ten miles across the solitary moor in the drenching rain, very pleased with herself that she found the various spots they had planned to visit, but feeling all the time that the rain, and the absence of the instruction Professor Boyd Dawkins would have given, meant that she had seen much less than she would have done on a fine day. She thought no more of the event, but, curiously enough, this little incident proved to be a turning point in her career; for Professor Boyd Dawkins was so impressed by her serious interest in the subject and by her determination and independence of character, that later on, when a much-coveted post was open for election, he used his influence in her favour, and she was appointed the first woman to teach science in the University of

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Manchester. To return however to the young student, the post-graduate scholarship from the University was just sufficient to take her for a year to some foreign University, and her interest in fructifications and the study of egg-cells and ovules (fostered both by Professor Oliver's researches and by her zoological work), led her to desire to study the fructifications of a unique group of plants, the cycads. For this purpose Munich was considered the best continental locality, as Professor Goebel, the famous morphologist, who had travelled far, had an exceptionally fine collection there, both of living and spirit material of the kind suitable for research.

Languages had always at school been a main stumbling block between Marie Stopes and class prizes, and it was therefore rather adventurous of her to go to Germany, for she had only had three or four lessons in the language before she reached that country. She found however that learning a language in a country itself is a very different, and a much easier thing, than learning it in classes; and though her German was a source of great amusement to her fellow research-

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students in the laboratories, it carried her not only through her University course, but finally also through the *viva voce* examination for the degree.

On presenting herself to Professor Goebel, the English student announced that she had come to study under him the structure of the ovules and the fertilization of the cycads, and the genial and amused smile in the vivid blue eyes of the Viking-like Professor encouraged her, although his words were discouraging. Though some women had received degrees from Munich University, none had hitherto entered from the Botanical Institute, and it would require an alteration in the Regulations to make it possible. Marie Stopes was disappointed, but replied that she had come to work, and would rather stay and do the work than go elsewhere and get a degree for work that did not interest her as much; and after about three months in Professor Goebel's research laboratories he came to her one day and said: "It is ridiculous that any Regulations should stand in the way of you getting your degree; I will have them changed." And the Regulations were changed, so that at the end of the year

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she was allowed to enter for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. During that year, though working hard in the laboratory which opened at eight o'clock in the morning, the young student enjoyed all the pre-war delights of Munich: the Opera, a great deal of dancing, excursions every week-end to the snow mountains in the winter and to the Tyrolese flowering valleys in the summer; while in Goebel's laboratory she met as many nationalities as there were research-students, and entered with great zest into the profound discussions which knots of students often embarked on far from the fields of their own immediate work. Most of the research-students in the laboratory that year were themselves Professors or lecturers in their own countries, and they included a Polish Professor, a Japanese, a Norwegian, a Dutchman, an American, and a number of other nationalities and types. Frequently a quartet composed of a Buddhist, a Roman Catholic, an atheist, and Marie Stopes, would discuss with great earnestness and animation the problems of the Universe.

Though life at a University College had somewhat educated the girl, she was still



The author at Givons Grove, with Mrs. Zangwill on his left, Dr. Marie Stopes kneeling, and her mother on his right.



Marie Stopes as a student, with a group of professors, in the mountains. Prof. Goebel on her left.

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remarkably sexless, and quite unaware of the nature of the stimulant her presence must have been in this laboratory of men. One rather amusing incident may be cited. The geological and the botanical students were taken into the mountains by their Professors for scientific expeditions, and on one of these occasions a lecturer from another faculty joined the party and insisted on talking, in English, to the only girl there. His English however was very poor, and he neither attracted nor interested her. She spent most of the time chatting in lively colloquial German with a man on her other hand, merely saying "Yes, yes," at intervals to be polite to the lecturer. A day or two later she was rather surprised to be sent for by Professor Goebel to his private sanctum, where he broke the news to her startled incredulity that the relatives of the lecturer who had bored her on the expedition had been to Professor Goebel with a request to induce her not to drive this man mad, as they feared for his reason and that he would have to go to a lunatic asylum if she persisted in her attitude of not recognising their engagement to be married. Marie Stopes,

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in open-mouthed amazement, denied any knowledge of being supposed to be engaged, and said that the man had never even proposed to her. It transpired however that the bad English and the many boring exclamations he had made, to which she had automatically replied "Yes, yes," had really included a proposal of marriage, to which the "Yes, yes," was naturally enough taken to signify her acceptance. The family were much distressed when it was made quite clear that no marriage would be contemplated by Marie Stopes, and they begged that she would at least permit the man to write to her until she left the country. As a result she possesses to this day a large pile of unread love letters in a very small German hand, unread and for her unreadable, as she has long since forgotten how to read German handwriting.

In such a narrative as this it is perhaps difficult to make it clear how much hard brain work was included in her days. She told me once her longest spell of *uninterrupted* mental work was thirty hours at a stretch, when she worked with beef-tea and a spirit stove at her elbow, and

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did not leave her work even for meals. Steady work, and the extremely valuable and interesting material supplied by Professor Goebel, yielded sufficient results in the discovery of new and interesting features in the cycads to justify the preparation of her thesis towards the end of the first year, and this she herself wrote in German, but it was German of such an amusing quality that the Professor kindly suggested that a Swiss student should sit at the same table as she did in the laboratory and go through it with her. He was a very handsome and attractive, but safely married, man, so that a few days later, when the Professor inquired how she was getting on with him, the whole laboratory was sent into convulsions, and the Professor himself, with tears hopping out of his bright blue eyes, sank into a chair shaking with laughter beyond his control, when she replied that he had been very kind, "Er ist es mit mir durchgegagen."

She meant this to be, as it is, a literal translation of "He has gone through it with me," and was quite unaware of the fact that the German phrase means "He has eloped

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with me.” Laughable however as her German was, it was very fluent, and when the day of the *viva voce* examination came it served its purpose sufficiently well. Professor Hertwig, the great zoologist, meaning no doubt to be kind, questioned the young botanist on the structure of volvox, a microscopic organism; and Professor Rothpletz, also meaning to be kind, whispered, “Have they been nice to you?” before he began his *viva voce* in geology—for the *viva voce* examination for the German degree takes place audibly in the presence of the University Court, so that the student has not only the nervous work of replying to the Professor, but of knowing that outsiders, and critical outsiders at that, are listening to the replies. She however got a high degree, *Magna cum laude*, and all the members of the research laboratory were cordially enthusiastic. Professor Goebel was exceedingly generous and kind to the young foreign student, and of him Marie Stopes says: “Although, of course, lots of people had been kind to me before, Professor Goebel was the first who really treated me as a father might have done. Toward the

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end of my time in Munich, when I told him that I was returning to England, where I must take up work that would bring me a salary, he said, "But it is a shame that you should not continue doing research work, and if you would only permit me I would, out of my own purse, defray all the expenses for you for another few years if you would stay and do research work here." He and his wife lived almost opposite the University Institute and were on many occasions extraordinarily kind to me, and this was all the more remarkable as Professor Goebel did not like women to study, and until I went to his Department and practically forced my way in, he had never permitted a woman student to work in his laboratories. I shall never forget his noble generosity and his fine impatience at the trend of modern life, particularly of German life, his hatred of the Prussians, and his Viking-like appearance and zest and joyous gallantry when, in Tyrolese costume, he went to his mountain laboratories. Munich was a second home to me until the war and the desolation the war brought."

A junior lectureship in botany at Man-

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chester University was vacant at the close of the year in Germany, and for this Marie Stopes sent in her application. No woman had ever lectured in the science faculty at Manchester University, and the Committee was nervous about appointing a woman, for the classes of the junior students were large, and contained medical students who were notoriously hilarious. The Committee was helped in its decision to select Marie Stopes, in preference to any of the male applicants, by an extraordinarily cordial recommendation from Professor Boyd Dawkins, which resulted from the impression she had made on him more than a year before, when she had gone by herself through the drenching rain, over the moors to Todmorden.

CHAPTER IV.

ACADEMIC LIFE.

IN other Universities women were beginning to obtain posts hitherto given only to men, but Manchester had not before had a woman on the science staff, though a lecturer in English literature had been in office for some years. Biological classes were attended by large numbers of the young medical students, who with the engineers are generally the rowdy element in any University, and the authorities of the College were in some trepidation as to the result of their experiment in appointing a young girl to the Staff. With Dr. Marie Stopes however no untoward events occurred, and the junior classes were indeed quieter when she lectured or demonstrated to them than they were in a good many other departments. The staff of Professors and Lecturers, mostly men from Oxford, Cambridge, and other Universities, formed a very friendly circle and became truly colleagues to the junior lady lecturer. Indeed in after

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years, when Dr. Stopes was appointed to the staff of her own college in London, she felt the contrast, for there the Professors' Common Room was barred to women, whereas in Manchester she was immediately made a member of the Professors' Common Room and always cordially welcomed and made to feel at home whenever she used it. Her immediate chief and those members of the staff associated with her work made things very easy and pleasant, and outside the University, too, she made many friends, notably old Mr. R. D. Darbishire, the philanthropist and founder of the Whitworth Galleries, who with Miss Dymes, his secretary and companion, made his home in Victoria Park ever open with a warm welcome for the girl, who learnt both to reverence and love the fine autocratic old gentleman. Professor, now Sir Arthur, and Lady Schuster, also in Victoria Park, were friendly, and the social life in Manchester was an attractive feature and much more real and cordial than life in London. After the plentiful dancing and opera of Munich, Dr. Marie Stopes missed dancing very greatly and, in addition to private dances,

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took the then rather audacious social step of giving a dance herself, and cajoled the elderly Professors to come to it in fancy dress. Out of that sprang a little dancing club among the members of the staff, which survived for a good many years after Dr. Stopes left Manchester. The young lecturer, feeling that she was very inadequately trained in the art of lecturing, went to hear a number of the Professors and lecturers in the University deliver their lectures to their students. Mostly, it seems, she learnt what to avoid in lecturing; she observed a good many little points which explained the reputed rowdiness of the junior classes. On one occasion she was present at the back of the room when a distinguished Professor of world-wide fame faced his class of 200 juniors, and with a quivering hand took a piece of chalk, drawing a wriggly thing which might have been a triangle or a hexagon, and commenced his lecture by saying, "Let us suppose that a circle is a circle"; and he could not understand the roars, and the cloud of dust from the stamping feet, with which this opening was greeted. Dr. Marie Stopes was amused to see how well

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her own students behaved when they were given the chance.

In addition to the teaching work in the biological classes, time was available for the young lecturer to follow up her own researches; and the great interest in fossil plants which must always associate itself with Manchester University where Williamson's original work was done, combined with the fact that the coal mining districts lay so close all round the town, led her to penetrate to a number of collieries in search of fossils, as well as to follow out some research on the structure and deposition of the coal seams. In this connection she came into personal contact with a number of mine owners, who always met her with warm cordiality and helpfulness, and among whom a Mr. Sutcliffe should be particularly remembered. He purchased an extensive series of microscopic sections of a rare new fossil which had been discovered, and presented them to the University to be placed at the service of Dr. Marie Stopes, who undertook the work of their scientific investigation and description. The fossil proved to be a species unique in the British Isles,

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which she named *Tubicaulis sutcliffi*, and was the subject of the first paper that she read to the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Society. The work on the collieries and coal mining industry which began with this connection in Manchester was persisted in and is still actively continued by Dr. Stopes to the present time, and has led her to a large number of scientific discoveries and to the contribution of publications in the Royal Society and elsewhere (see Appendix B, p. 216). Among the many interesting people that this collegiate life gave her the opportunity of meeting, Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, was one who most impressed the girl. She was invited by Lady Schuster to meet him at a luncheon and, fired by her intense enthusiasm for the palæontological history of coal, she begged Captain Scott to take her with him on his then projected Antarctic Expedition. They met again at a dancing party in the evening. She found him the most "divine waltzer and reverser" she had ever met, and he promised to take both her and Lady Scott with him if that was possible, or failing that he undertook to bring her back the

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fossil she wanted from the Antarctic. He came down to the University before leaving Manchester and spent an hour or two with her studying the external appearance of the fossils, so as to bring back with him exactly what she desired. The tragedy of this expedition is known to the world, and it is also known that he was found dead with a few fragments of fossil plants by him. These however, although so obviously collected for her, were not given to Dr. Marie Stopes to describe; and she was glad of it, for unfortunately they were not those she had longed for from the Antarctic regions.

In all this busy, happy life in Manchester there was however one secret trial, and that was that after a very few weeks there Dr. Stopes, whose vitality and general health were quite exceptional, developed acute neuralgia. This neuralgia vanished immediately vacations came and she could leave Manchester, but always returned within three days of sleeping in Manchester. In spite of this her intense vitality kept her going in many directions, and lectures to the students were followed by an attempt to organise a seminar on similar lines to those

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she had had experience of in Germany, excursions, plant collecting and fossil collecting up on the moors and, in addition, evening lecturing to the very poor in the slums at Ancoats; where the Ancoats Settlement had organised classes of factory hands and others anxious for intellectual work. There for a time she came in touch with some of the worst conditions of city life, and she only gave up these lectures when neuralgia and the acute pain of seeing human beings under such appalling conditions were undermining her strength to such an extent that it was impossible to go on. Among her treasured possessions is a glowing testimonial spontaneously given to her by her poor students at the Settlement.

By no means exclusively serious, Dr. Stopes, in a skittish mood, instituted the first, and I believe the only, international comic scientific journal. She called it *The Sportophyte*, and in it made fun of a good many of the great biologists, and lampooned the style of more than one publication. It achieved not a little success, and one learned Professor said to her: "Oh, of course it is very funny, but you cannot possibly do it again."

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“Why not?” said Dr. Stopes. “You must not be allowed to do it again; think what *power* it gives you.” This was hardly the way to stop the activities of an independent and enterprising young woman, and *The Sportophyte* lived until the international calamity of the war killed the spirit of international jocularly.

The suffrage movement naturally attracted Dr. Stopes's interest, and without becoming an aggressive extremist she put a good deal of time into quiet work for the suffrage, joining the Tax Resistance League and lecturing from time to time, as well as joining in processions and deputations. Fired by a sense of the injustice of obliging women either to forego marriage or to forego a career, she ardently supported the efforts to stop the restrictions on married women's work, and in that connection met Miss Margaret Ashton, who was then a Councillor and one of the most active of women's champions in the north. Her attention also was drawn to the yet deeper problems of married women by an incident which occurred to one of her own students, who happened to be a woman older than herself

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and who had been assisting a doctor in dealing with out-patients at a hospital, when a woman had brought in a miserable little baby which wailed all the time and which, the mother explained, would not put on any flesh or grow into a nice, healthy baby whatever she did with it. The mother, with tears in her eyes, made an intensely earnest appeal to the doctor to tell her what was, to her, unaccountably wrong with the infant. She said this was her fourth, and the others had all died when they were very little. The doctor put her off with some soothing platitudes, but the woman, driven to despair, said: "I believe there's something wrong with my man. If there's something wrong with my man I won't have babies no more—it's just cruel to see them miserable like this and have them dying one after the other. Won't you, for God's sake, tell me whether there's anything wrong with my man or not?" This appeal was met by the assurance that there was nothing wrong, and she should do her duty by her husband and go on having babies. The medical woman student said that it was glaringly obvious that the baby was syphilitic.

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That not only such ill-fated mothers, but that *all* mothers, should be freed from the appalling slavery of unwilling and undesired motherhood became a conviction so intense as to necessitate action. Dr. Stopes realized with the astonishment that youth always feels towards the cruelty of its elders, that although the knowledge of birth control has been freely circulating in our country for very many years, it has been available chiefly for the educated and the well-to-do.

While Dr. Stopes studied more and more deeply the work on the coal mines, she was following up several branches of research in connection not only with fossils and their deposition but with their mode of origin, and in connection with the petrification of the internal tissues which is so wonderful a feature of some structurally preserved specimens, she was led to the belief that, given certain conditions in the surrounding horizons, the existence of the type of fossil for which she was searching could be more or less predicted. Combining this with an intense desire to discover the origin of the angiosperms, which was one of the desiderata then, as it still is, of biological

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science, she considered the horizons in any and every country in the world from which she could get the necessary data, and came to the conclusion that in an horizon in the northern mountainous Island of Hokkaido petrified specimens of angiosperms, such as she sought, should be found; and she applied to the Royal Society for financial assistance to go there and investigate the matter, at the same time having a sample specimen sent over from Japan, from the rocks *in situ*, and she had the thrilling experience of seeing her scientific prediction fulfilled, and finding in the very first cut a beautiful petrified angiosperm. This strengthened her application to the Royal Society, which was still under consideration, and though they had never before sent a young woman out of the country on any such work, her application was so well backed that an exception was made in her favour, and she finally went to Japan alone, with a grant from the Royal Society, and with the assistance of the Japanese Government, through the Imperial University at Tokio. There she went up country and collected large quantities of unique and hitherto unknown fossils which,

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on her return to Tokio, she cut with the assistance and collaboration of Professor Fujii, who together with her wrote a memoir, subsequently published by the Royal Society in its Transactions, containing an account of a number of plants new to science, and containing also the first petrification of the flower, and the only one yet discovered. In Japan, as in Manchester, she found the Professorial staff cordial and kindly, and Baron Hamao, the President of the Imperial University, made her an honorary member of the Professors' Luncheon Club, where she met the personnel of the various faculties, and thus saw the true life of Japanese intellectual circles in a way seldom permitted to a foreigner. A room and research facilities were allotted to her in the Institute of the Imperial University, and in exchange for all this courtesy she gave a short course of lectures on plant palæontology to the students and to others of the staff who cared to attend. A fairly full account of her manifold interests and experiences in Japan was published by Blackie in her book entitled *A Journal from Japan*. She returned *via* America, and



The first portrait in her robes as Doctor of Science of London.

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a fresh post in Manchester University was offered to her : the first lectureship in palæobotany in this country. It was exactly the post for which her researches fitted her and which her heart desired, and she was happy to get back to her many friends in Manchester; but it was no good, for the neuralgia, which had not touched her all the time she was away, returned after a week in Manchester as violently as before and became intolerable, so that at the end of the first year of this new post she had to leave it and finally settle in London, which all along had been her home.

After obtaining the degree of Ph.D. in Munich she had, on returning to England, followed up her B.Sc. in London by obtaining the Doctorate of Science, London, when she became, I believe, the youngest Doctor of Science in England, and shortly afterwards she was made a Fellow of University College, London. She was invited by the Geological Department of the British Museum to prepare a special memoir for them on the Cretaceous Flora of the World, a memoir that took several years to complete, and which was published ultimately

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in two volumes by the Trustees of the British Museum. The Royal Society published in their Transactions some of the results of the Japanese Expedition and she was invited to exhibit her specimens from Japan at the ladies' soir  e, where she met Count Solms-Laubach, the veteran pal  ontologist of Germany, whose classic treatise had been her original text-book. He, though a woman hater and extremely reserved, showed the kindest appreciation of her new species. The advantage of meeting such men, which all men of any note in the scientific world can do by attending the Royal Society's meetings, was a rare privilege to this young woman. When some of her later discoveries were made she was invited by representatives of the Royal Society to send her specimens for exhibition, but not on ladies' night. She said she could not send them without being there herself to demonstrate and guard them, and was told that she could send any of her own men-students, or even her butler, but could not be admitted herself. With natural indignation she refused to exhibit. It seems strange that to this day, however brilliant a woman's scientific work may be,

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her sex precludes her from equality of treatment in the senior Society of Science in the world, and she can never hope to be made an F.R.S. The Royal Society of Literature, however, early recognised her, and on the proposal of old Lord Halsbury she was elected a Fellow.

In the course of her travels for palæontological research Dr. Stopes was once again in the United States, and took the opportunity of attending the American Association of Science at St. Louis, where she met Dr. Gates. He, like many others before him, immediately fell passionately in love, and proposed marriage within a few days of making her acquaintance. He was a botanist and in many respects apparently a suitable husband, and Dr. Stopes and he were married before her return to England a few months later.

Dating from her earliest childhood, and strengthened by her interest in the suffrage, Dr. Marie Stopes has always very keenly felt the rightness of the old Scottish and Norwegian customs, whereby a married woman retains her patronymic after marriage, and she arranged with Dr. Gates that she should

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retain her own name. In English law—though many people are unaware of it—provision is made for such cases, and to retain her own name legally, all a married woman has to do is to announce at the time of her marriage that she intends to do so, and to use it systematically for legal documents and transactions. The effect of loss of personality arising from change of name has undoubtedly had a psychological influence on women, and such a change is most unreasonable when one has made such a name for herself as Dr. Stopes had; a name which was then already recorded in thousands of card-indexes and catalogues in Universities all over the world. A good deal of press interest was shown in her revival of this old custom of keeping her own name, and a number of women have followed the example since, though old-fashioned people try to make things difficult for a woman who thus desires to preserve her identity, and Dr. Stopes on more than one occasion has had to threaten to take legal action against scientific committees and other persons who endeavoured arbitrarily to decide for her what her name is to be.

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This marriage seems to have been arranged by destiny to give Dr. Stopes the almost unique experience which completed her fitness to undertake the work on sex-reform by which she is now best known. On her marriage she was still, in spite of her zoological training and her travel and experience of men of many countries, amazingly innocent, and she was quite happy for six months or more. After that she began to feel instinctively that something was lacking in her marriage. Although she was living within a stone's throw of her mother and of her family doctor, they neither of them detected what was amiss or offered any help or solution of the problems which confronted her. Finally her life became quite intolerable, and I heard her say one day: "I should go mad if it were not that I say to myself, 'Why have I a scientific brain and all my scientific knowledge, if it is not to find out things that seem to puzzle everybody?'" and, in a very impersonal manner, she took up her own case as a piece of scientific research. She went to the British Museum and read pretty nearly every book on sex in English, French,

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or German, just as she would read every book on palæontology before publishing on her own subject. She also read Lord Halsbury's Laws of England, and then returned to her family doctor and family lawyer, and when matters were made thoroughly clear to them, it became a comparatively easy matter to put through a nullity suit, in which she sued as *virgo intacta* for the legal annulment of her marriage, which her husband's abnormality had never allowed him to consummate. Dr. Gates was a passionate lover but an incomplete husband, and as a result, after years of marriage, was not only leaving his wife a virgin, but had developed an absurd jealousy and attempted a domination which rendered life intolerable. At that time I was frequently a witness of ridiculous little scenes, one, for instance, in which he "forbade" this independent and high-spirited young woman even to purchase a paper which she had been reading for years. As was natural perhaps, Dr. Gates made things as difficult and in some respects as scandalous for her as he could, but the war was on before the legal case was finally settled, and shortly

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after its outbreak he left England and sought refuge in America, returning however before hostilities were over. Meanwhile, throughout all her heartbreaking difficulties, Dr. Marie Stopes remained outwardly very calm, and continued her palæontological work at the British Museum and at University College, where, following on her Manchester work, a palæobotanical lectureship was founded for her in London University. This attracted much interest and attention at the time and her first lecture was widely attended and published, and there is little doubt that but for the war, which swept away her classes of young men, it would have led to the founding of a regular school of palæobotany. Meanwhile however the war diverted all who were able to do anything of practical utility, and the more abstruse and academical aspects of palæobotany were left on one side, and Dr. Stopes concentrated on what seemed immediately useful, namely, the application of her knowledge to the problems of fuel, and of coal in particular. The Scientific and Industrial Research Department of the Government, under Sir Frank Heath,

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actively supported her work, and she collaborated with Dr. R. V. Wheeler of the Home Office Experimental Station in the preparation of what *Nature* described as a "classic"—a Monograph on the Structure, Chemical and Palæontological, of Coal. (See Appendix B, p. 216.) Following on this, Dr. Stopes continued researches, both in collaboration with Professor Wheeler and independently; and the Royal Society, in 1919, published her short paper on the four ingredients of coal, in which she originated the now well-known words, clarain, durain and vitrain.

Professor Wheeler and his students and collaborators, and many others now doing research on fuel, have followed up the initial research of Dr. Stopes on the ingredients of coal; for her work made possible for the first time a discrimination in the analysis of different zones in the same coal, which is leading to a knowledge of its intimate structure and potential uses of a much more accurate kind than was previously possible.

In the course of her scientific researches Dr. Stopes has made a great number of original discoveries, and has published the

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results in a number of learned *Transactions* and journals, a more or less complete list of which is given in Appendix B.

Among so many additions to scientific knowledge it is difficult to say in a few words which are her most important contributions, but, in the main, they deal with three themes: (a) the structure of the reproductive organs both in living and extinct forms; (b) the composition and structure of coal; and (c) the structure of the vegetable inhabitants of the Cretaceous epoch.

Her discoveries of fossils in Japan, which were published jointly with Professor Fujii in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society (Appendix B, p. 219), brought to light a flora of the existence of which nothing was known, and which was of interest and importance as including the only petrified flower hitherto discovered in any part of the world. The public perhaps do not realize that the vegetation which is conspicuous to-day in the landscape, and which alone provides all our agricultural plants and food, did not come into existence until the early Cretaceous epoch.

The earliest known angiosperms in the

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world were also discovered by Dr. Stopes and described in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society (Appendix B, p. 218), and further facts about them are embodied in her big volume published by the Trustees of the British Museum. Of this Dr. (now Sir A.) Smith Woodward said: "There is so much that is new in it. No one would have believed it possible to get so much out of the Lower Greensand; it is quite wonderful."

As regards coal, when she was first appointed as a junior lecturer in Manchester, a centre of one of England's coal mining districts, she enthusiastically investigated the local mines. She read an important paper on the subject before the British Association. It was the first time she had done so, and the then Director of the Geological Survey, Sir Jethro Teall, attended the lecture. The discussion proved most interesting and cleared up a number of points hitherto obscure, and Sir Jethro (then Dr.) Teall said that he was "astonished at the quality and quantity of the detail given. I went to encourage a young girl, and I remained to learn from a master."

Her short paper on the composition of

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coal before the Royal Society (Appendix B., p. 216) has led to an enormous change in the attitude both of palæontologists and chemists towards coal structure, and the terminology instituted by Dr. Stopes is now not only almost universally followed, but the ideas in that short paper of hers have proved fruitful in many directions—see, for instance the work of Dr. Lessing on coking, of Dr. Ivan Graham, the Assistant Director of Mining Research at Birmingham, and the many papers in the technical journals arising from the inspiration in her original paper.

Although the outer public did not know her as a lecturer until recently, in the course of her academic career Dr. Stopes lectured regularly in Manchester and London Universities, and had given brief courses or single lectures in the University of Tokio, in the Parliament House in Hakkaido, in Chicago University, in Toronto University, and in many other institutes and halls in various parts of the British Isles and other countries, and her palæontological work was utilized by various Government Departments in addition to the British Museum

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and the Home Office. The Canadian Government, for instance, sent for her to settle a problem which had been in dispute for over 40 years, about the age of certain potential coal-bearing deposits in Eastern Canada, and the results of her investigations were published by the Geological Survey of Canada in a large Memoir. (See Appendix B, p. 217.) Amidst this life of manifold activities her relation to her students was such that she always brought to every lecture some fresh idea of vital interest. No doubt had she taken up some popular subject instead of so remote and academic a field as she pursued, her name would have become a household word among us years sooner than was actually the case. Her personality was bound to make its impression on our national life even had she never touched so burning a subject as that with which she has been recently associated.

In addition to her many scientific associates, Dr. Stopes has had warm friendships and interesting literary associations with many distinguished literary men. For instance, with Maurice Hewlett, the novelist and poet, who was so retiring and *difficile*,

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a warm friendship started long before she was known to the world. Hewlett wrote to her :—

“Yes, the writer of the ‘Letters to Sanchia’ is Senhouse. I can’t say that he is a portrait of anybody in particular, though it does so happen that I have known a man who lived, and still lives, much the same life. But the two have nothing else in common, and I think my man is more what I should like to believe myself to be than anything more definite. *Video meliora*. He is one of the better things I see. I won’t go nearer than that as yet.

“But if you, who have travelled far and been quit (for a time, at all events) of our horrible trammel of circumstance, find truth and reason in the substance of what I have imagined, I feel enormously encouraged to go on. It was really kind of you to tell me so.”

And soon after he wrote :—

“Senhouse will feel that he has done something when such a letter as yours is communicated to him. You evidently haven’t read his third volume, ‘Rest Harrow’—which I beg leave to send you herewith.

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Therein you will discover how he and Mrs. Germain parted company, and in what unearthly manner he and his Sanchia found each other—the where and when as well as the how. I personally am unable to distinguish the fairy tale from the other tales, or the dream from the daylight reflection. I don't know whether I write truth or lies. To me they are truth—to a large proportion of mankind foolishness: but I write for myself because I have to, and am lucky to have such readers as you."

Israel Zangwill, the author-dramatist, and his wife, the novelist, were both cordial friends much interested in her literary work before she became well known through "Married Love," and it was Edward Carpenter who first encouraged her to publish "Married Love."

Both before and after she was well known she has had some friendly and amusing little encounters with Bernard Shaw, and I may quote a postcard which he sent to the C.B.C. regretting his inability to attend the Annual Dinner in November, 1923:—

"I shall not be able to come as I shall not be in London. If it could possibly be made

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an M.S. (Marie Stopes) dinner without being a B.C. one, I should greatly regret this. As it is, it is rather convenient for me, because I cannot find a satisfactory public position about B.C. If I went into the movement merely to fight the Malthusians I should do more harm than good; and I really could not sit quiet in it and seem to acquiesce with them. I am sure M.'s (Marie's) psycho-physiology is right; but neither of us can prove it.

“G. B. SHAW.”

Her poems brought her many warm and interesting letters from literary men whom she had never met personally. For instance, about these poems Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch wrote :—

“First let me thank you for the little book that brought me such jolly discoveries as ‘Marjorie’ and ‘Tokio Snow’—and such fine ones as ‘The Beaters’ and ‘The Brother’ (this last the sort of thing that walks straight and takes a seat in memory for the rest of one's days).”

CHAPTER V.

WORLD TRAVEL.

THE taste Dr. Stopes had inherited for travel found practical justification in many journeys in connection with her scientific research work. In addition to these expeditions, which were often long ones, she was continually travelling both in the British Isles and on the Continent. At the close of the first Session after her appointment to Manchester she attended a scientific Congress in Vienna, where she enjoyed the gathering of learned men, and also the city and its beautiful surroundings. She then returned to Munich for a further couple of months' work in Professor Goebel's department, including some research in his Alpine laboratory perched high up on the Bavarian Tyrolese mountains. The research she was engaged on was on the structure and development of the fertilized ovum or egg-cell, together with a study of its actual fertilization by the male sperm cell and the

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introduction of food granules from the sperm into the ovum. This work led to very interesting original observations, to make which she had to be up all night for a series of nights, cutting into the living ovules and examining their structure under the microscope at regular intervals through the whole 24 hours. These investigations, though minor in comparison with her other researches, were part of the preparation which subsequently enabled her to speak with authority on problems of fertilization in other connections; for the nucleus and the detailed structure of ovum and spermatozoa and the immediate after-effects of fertilization, are remarkably uniform wherever life is sufficiently evolved to have two distinct sexes.

Holland, especially Amsterdam, and also Leiden, the home of so much of Holland's scientific life, were visited several times, as also was Switzerland and France. On one occasion, after having spent a few weeks in the University of Caen where she was visiting Professor Lignier, one of France's great palæobotanists, she set out to walk from that town to the distant coast of Brittany,

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there to form one of an expedition organized by Professor Oliver, on then new and interesting lines, for the study of œcology. Sending her luggage on in advance, she started with a knapsack across Normandy, first making a bee-line for the coast and then following the ins-and-outs of the rugged headlands and bays. A characteristic anecdote may be told of this expedition. Failing to find an hotel in one of the further portions of Brittany, she decided to sleep on a ledge of rock on the coast which seemed safely far from the sea and afforded some shelter approximating to a roof. Having a camper's equipment with her, she made her evening meal and, curling up in her long cloak, went peacefully to sleep. Next morning she was waked by a gurgling suck of water at her very toes, and found that the ledge, that had afforded a roof at night, shut her in with no possible outlet of escape. The tide had come in much further than had seemed possible the evening before. Fortunately the sea was calm, and Dr. Stopes examined the rock on which she sat and, finding certain lichens in its crevices, she felt reassured that she would not be swamped out, and turning round

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went to sleep again until the tide had receded.

It has sometimes been said by those anxious to destroy her reputation that she spent her vacations in "very curious ways," implying that what she did was improper. Unusual many of her vacations undoubtedly were. Not the least so was one spent in Norway, when she and the only Norwegian woman Professor, Frau Resvoll, went together to the north on an œcological expedition, touching the Lofodon Islands and then going to the northern coast of Norway, into the Arctic Circle. They walked back in a bee-line over snowy mountain passes, and past glaciers, in places where houses were sometimes forty miles apart, carrying provisions, as well as their clothes, on their backs, sleeping on more than one occasion in little isolated huts provided by the community for those who travel in the only way possible in these districts, namely, on foot. In Norway, accompanied by one so well known and appreciated as Frau Professor Resvoll, she saw something of the type of life which years before had influenced Ibsen when writing his plays. A deep impression was

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made upon her by the austerity and difficulty of the life in some of those isolated homes, where the flabrod was baked only once a year, and the muscles of dried reindeer were scraped to a kind of powder for meat, and where, except for brief seasons in the summer, potatoes and fruit were an unknown luxury. She will never forget looking down from a mountain crest and seeing a herd of reindeer fording the icy water below, and she has an equally keen recollection of the exhilarating effect of a sun that set at 11 p.m. and rose again at 1 a.m. In Christiania she and Frau Professor Resvoll were the only women present at the opening of the University by King Haakon, and was afterwards heard laughingly to say he was the only king with whom she could fall in love! However abstruse and scientific the work occupying her days in the laboratories and in the various Universities she visited, time was always found in the evening for opera or theatre, and she was fortunate enough to see "Peer Gynt" presented in its native theatre, as well as to meet some of those who had been connected with its original production.

The journey to Japan, of which mention has already been made (p. 66) and which preceded her marriage to Dr. Gates, opened new and delightful vistas. Dr. Stopes went across the Continent, embarking at Genoa, visiting Naples and the great aquarium there, and then proceeded down the Red Sea. Of this she says: "I was peculiarly fortunate when travelling through the Red Sea to have it shown me in such a way as to understand its name. One evening I came on deck and found the whole sky from east to west and north to south one blazing crimson and copper fiery mass of light; this was reflected in the sea itself, so that it looked blood red, and the desert rocks on either side glowed in orange and coppery colours. I should never have believed such a sight possible had I not seen it with my own eyes. After a quarter of an hour or so it had almost faded, but I saw that the Red Sea undoubtedly can be red." Aden, with its ostrich feathers and diving natives, its pathetic "ladies' garden" and rock-bound sterility, was succeeded by the luxuriant beauty of Ceylon and Singapore. At Singapore the ship stayed in port two or three

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days, enabling Dr. Stopes to visit the botanical gardens, one of the famous gardens of the world, where she collected specimens, besides seeing living in their native haunts many plants which had hitherto only been significant names to her. Shanghai, with its great river, affords a curious little memory. Of this Dr. Stopes says : " I noticed telegraph lines, and thought them incongruous enough in ancient China, but I was surprised to see them made of what looked like barbed wire. On closer examination I found that what I had taken for the barbs were seated dragon-flies perched at intervals from each other as far as the eye could see all along the wire." In Shanghai a sidelight on the population problem gripped the girl's heart. With the rest of the tourists she was investigating the town in a rickshaw; there on the street, kicked aside by the passers-by like garbage in the gutter, was a dead baby.

Penang left a memory of moonlight and wonderful sleeping trees. Some of the wide streets were lined by avenues of some kind of leguminous tree which folded its leaves in sleep as a clover does. In the native

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quarter an outdoor stage was showing one of the interminable Chinese plays, which had lasted all day and was still going on at midnight. Finally Japan was reached, and about this I need not say very much, for the *Journal* kept by Dr. Stopes has been published. From that book, *A Journal from Japan* (Blackie, 1909), one may take a few characteristic passages, but, first of all, let us note Dr. Stopes's remarks on a trait in her own character which, though perhaps an inevitable accompaniment of some of her best qualities, has struck many people as a defect. It is not surprising that an able, energetic and successful woman should exhibit a high degree of self-confidence, tenacity and perseverance in pursuing her aims. There is a driving power about Dr. Stopes which, if mistakenly applied, would be blameworthy, and those who have not had experience of her uncanny trick of being right have often been taken aback by the decision and emphasis with which she speaks and acts. It is unwise to expect a racehorse always to go quietly, and if one expected Dr. Stopes to be placid in her activities and struggles, one would be court-

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ing disappointment. But let us see what she herself says on this matter in her *Journal*.

“In many ways I had wonderful opportunities of touching the living reality in the Japanese; opportunities so exceptional that it is to my lasting shame that my stock of patience and sympathy was not always equal to them. . . . It is true that from an ordinary standpoint there are many things in Japan which are exasperating to a Westerner, but that was no excuse for me. Let me quote as an illustration a small incident that I have ever since regretted. On page 43 (of the *Journal*) you will find the account of my involuntary visit to the courteous principal of a College, when I was really bound for a coal mine. This young gentleman asked me to give a lecture to his young men, and I refused. It is true that I was really anxious to go directly to that mine, that it would upset my plans if I were at all delayed, and that at the moment the disturbance of those plans seemed a serious matter. But nevertheless I was the first European woman that many of the people there had seen, and the first scientific

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woman that any of them had seen or heard of. Their curiosity and interest about me were as natural as my curiosity and interest about their coal mine, but I gratified my own curiosity and not theirs . . . It would be practically impossible for them to realize how many other claims had been made on that hasty young scientist who visited them; they would only feel that in place of the human interest and understanding which might have been shown there was a blank wall of refusal. I tried to explain that science is a hard taskmaster, but what good are explanations? . . .”

The following entries in the *Journal* give some idea both of her work and her play while in Japan :—

“Some of the Professors kindly took me to visit the Principal of the University in solemn state; he was most gracious, and (through an interpreter) said most ridiculously flattering things. According to him only one ‘specialist’ lady has visited Japan before, and she was elderly. Therefore, they all marvel at me, as though I were some curious kind of butterfly! We then visited

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the Director of the Imperial Geological Survey. The Director is *most* kind, as is also the Chief Inspector of Mines, and they put every facility in my way. The Director gave me all the information he could and the largest geological map of the district, which is very small, only about one-hundredth part of the scale I am accustomed to do geological work with, so that things will be difficult. The Government here has kindly written to the Governor of Hokkaido and to the owners of the mines, so that I shall fare as well as possible.”

[In Hokkaido.] “The Governor insists that as well as Professor Y—— (who is to be interpreter), *as well* as an official from the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, *as well* as several coolies, I must have a policeman to escort me to the mountains. I besought him not to enforce him on me, but it is an honour they delight to give me, and I had to submit. Too much zeal and too much kindness are as difficult to contend with as too little. We then called on the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, and there were more formalities and more

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talk—when I shall get to the actual hammering of rocks I can't imagine.”

“We began the day at five, and the regular escort is now raised to ten, with temporary additions between every stage! I have given up protesting that so many people require quantities of food, which will have to be carried, and will now look on 100 without a murmur.

“We went through the forest and up the river prospecting, and found scrambling along the steep banks of friable shale by no means easy; but the escort assists me greatly, and one of them carries me on his back on the frequent occasions when it is necessary to cross the river. The only use the policeman has been so far was to lend his sword to cut chop-sticks which had been forgotten, and of course we had no knives and forks with us at all, for I have learnt to get on very comfortably without.”

“A long day going up-stream collecting nodules, which are very big and very hard to break. The scenery up the rivers, with the magnificent forests, is very fine. It is

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a curious sensation to be in the midst of this boundless forest and see peak after peak densely clad by trees which no man has touched.”

“Really it is hard work to carry tents and everything along these rivers. Often I alone find it difficult to go, and I have nothing to carry—except my fan and my hammer, both of which are in constant use. Sometimes it would be impossible to go where we have been with boots, the straw-sandals give such a clinging grasp that we are able to get a foothold on a steep rock which in boots it would be mad to attempt.

“Fortunately the river, into which one would be precipitated, is seldom deep enough to be dangerous. The day’s scientific results are solid, but not thrilling. Tents are a luxury, but I would rather sleep out under the stars. With all these coolies and people I am not allowed to do my own cooking, but I most fervently wish I might.”

“Sapporo once more. A day of official calls, bowing, compliments and formalities. They asked me to lecture to the women’s

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Aikokufujin-kai: the request of the Governor can hardly be refused after all he has done, so it had to be. The lecture was held in the large hall of the Government House, the body of the hall filled with women, the galleries with men; the Governor acting as Chairman and giving an immensely lengthy introductory speech, of which I could only guess the drift from words here and there, Professor My—— following on with another. It is easy to speak in an interpreted address, because there is so much time to think between the paragraphs; but I am sure it has not the same effect on an audience as the direct address. Some, of course, understood my English. Before the lecture there was a reception, and I was regaled with tea and cakes and left to the tender mercies of the ladies, and men who can only speak Japanese; later, however, the Governor's German was available, and so it was all right, and we were quite cheerful till the interpreter arrived with a solemn face and a black suit."

"[Tokio.] Professor Sakurai took me to visit Count Okuma in the morning; he has

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a lovely house and grounds, which he was gracious enough to show me. Every ordinary day he has about thirty or forty visitors, and is one of the busiest men in the country. He has an old face, with almost no hair, and is tall for a Japanese, and dignified in his silken robes, and distinctly pleasing. He could speak no English, so that conversation was rather limited, as he spoke more than usually indistinctly, but he was amused with Professor S——'s account of me and very gracious. The rooms are nearly all provided with European chairs and tables, rich and handsome, the drawing-room in which he received me upholstered in gold brocaded silk, which harmonized well with the handsome old gold and painted screens from ancient Japan which stood around the room. I begged to see the Japanese wing of the house, which he showed me. His Japanese guest chambers were, to my taste, far more beautiful, though perforce less able to display his wealth. He is the Chamberlain of Japan in one sense, and has the finest orchid houses in the country."

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“November 24.—This morning early I started off on foot in glorious hot sunshine to get the fossils, and succeeded in getting more than my coolie could carry. I am almost the only visitor in the place, and everyone is very kind and very interested. My colloquial Japanese comes a cropper now and then—but I get what I want, which is the main thing. The rocky valleys and woods are very lovely, and I appreciate the loneliness after these Tokio weeks. I should like always to live in complete solitude two days in seven.”

“[Tokio.] All yesterday the Institute had been undergoing extensive cleaning, and this morning was spent in expectation and preparation of exhibits—the great Dr. Koch, the world-famed German bacteriologist, was coming to see the Institute. Professor Fujii was brought back from the mountain before his cure was finished, to be on duty; my fossil slides were borrowed and put under microscope, and the spermatozoids of *ginkgo* were on show. He came, after the whole Institute and Baron Hamao had waited in a flutter of excitement for nearly

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an hour; he is a big stout man, not very intellectual-looking. Though interested, he had evidently been trotted round a great deal. He seemed to like my fossils, and asked me to show him a section of a leaf, as well as those I had under the microscope.”

“[Tokio.] I went early to the Institute, where there is grand excitement over *ginkgo*; the sperms are just swimming out, and they only do it for a day or two each year. It is no such easy business to catch them, in 100 you can only get five with sperms at the best of times, and may get one and be thankful. I spent pretty well the whole day over them and got three, and several in the pollen tube, not yet quite ripe. It is most entertaining to watch them swimming, their spiral of cilia wave energetically.”

“[Tokio.] At work all the morning, lunch with the Faculty at the Gôten, and then at work all the afternoon. The fossils proved so enticing that though I had worn a traily frock all day intending to go to the Belgian Legation garden party, when it

came to the point the fossils won, and I didn't go. In the evening I cycled down to dinner at our Embassy.

“When once one makes up one's mind to a cycle, one can even go out to dinner on it. I wondered, however, what the footman thought when he had to lift it into the Embassy hall in case of thieves getting it in the garden (I was told he has a brother who is an attaché at the French Embassy! The Japanese are very quaint that way—one Count or Baron or other is driven up to the door every day by his own brother as a coachman). Thanks to the unmoved countenance of flunkeydom, added to the immobility of the Japanese, I could sail into the dining-room, past the same man, trailing a pink silk skirt with apparent dignity.”

“[Tokio.] . . . When I got to the Embassy garden party (it was given to welcome Admiral Sperry and the American fleet) I found it had been postponed in the morning, but as the weather was now so lovely it was put on again. That is to say, it was half on and would be repeated to-morrow. So we had one of the bands and quite a lot of the

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American officers and other people turned up. The chief sight was seeing Admiral Sperry and Admiral Togo sitting side by side looking on at a kind of sword dance. . . . Admiral Sperry, though not imposing or impressive in any way, seemed pleasant and keen, and was tall."

"[Tokio.] Sven Hedin lectured to-day at the University, and I had been asked to tea previously to meet him before it. . . . He gave me the impression of being a genial, friendly, hardy, *pushful*, but not a great man. The only other lady there was Madame G——, the mother of the French Ambassador, whom I think I have mentioned before. She was very gracious, as she always is, but cannot speak a word of anything but French. We all walked over to the Lecture Hall from the Góten—a slow and solemn procession. About the only people who spoke were Hedin and Madame G——, a few people said a sentence or two to me, but even the genial Dean seemed to be overpowered by the funereal solemnity of the march. I had my cycle, and the French Ambassador helped me to haul it

up the steps! His only remark was *très moderne*, which was very moderate of him. In the lecture I was placed in the front row, between Madame G—— and Baron K——, and got into nice hot water! The poor lady couldn't understand a word of the lecture, and Hedin often said things to make us laugh, and she could not join in, so now and then I translated a word or two for her. This upset Baron K——, who nudged me violently from the other side, so I had to stop, but then I hurt the lady, for I didn't dare answer her further questions."

"[Tokio.] Almost immediately after lunch we went over to—where do you think?—Lafcadio Hearn's house to see his wife and family! A rare privilege, for the sanctum is unusually well guarded. But Mrs. Noguchi's friendship has won me the way in, for, as I said, the eldest boy learns English from her and is devoted to her. . . .

"As we entered we passed along an *engawa* (verandah) bounding a tiny internal square of garden on our way to the reception-room. This was in the purest Japanese style, well-built, with pretty woodwork, a

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thing one learns to notice in this country. I immediately observed the *kakemono*, which was exceptionally beautiful, tall peaks of bare rock pillars standing up against a grey sky, where a moon half shone through a band of cloud. A picture that one could never forget and yet would ever wish to see instead of merely remembering. I remarked on it to Mrs. Hearn, who told me that 'Lafcadio had very good taste in *kakemonos*,' and always bought only what pleased him exactly. Wise man! when he had the cash! There was also a bronze in the room, the bent stalk of a fading lotus leaf with the collapsed blade of the leaf, and though there sounds no beauty in that, the bronze throbbed with it. Mrs. Hearn was very friendly: less shy and quiet than most Japanese women, she was yet distinctly Japanese in her shyness and quietness. Without beauty, she pleased.

"She and the children were all in usual Japanese costume, and the only 'foreign' things in the room were ourselves and the cakes and cups of tea she brought us. I inquired if she liked foreign food, and she told me that she did, *very* much, and that

'Lafcadio' always ate it, for though he liked all the things to be pure Japanese, and would have nothing he could help that was not, Japanese food upset him, and he always had foreign food, but that now she never prepared it. We chatted about many things, and she spoke freely of Hearn, of whom I did not dare at first to ask any questions till she had spoken voluntarily so much, to show that she liked to speak of him. . . .

"The children were with us most of the evening, showing Brownie picture-books, of which they had a fine stock. Hearn evidently liked Andrew Lang's fairy books, for they were nearly all there.

"In his study, where we had supper, was the little family shrine, built rather like a miniature temple of plain wood; within was Hearn's photo, and before it burnt a tiny lamp and stood dainty vases of small flowers. According to Japanese ideas, the spirit of the departed inhabits this dwelling and needs the love and attention of his kindred, and takes part in their life. Is Christianity more consoling to the bereaved than this? From the window by the shrine

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could be seen the grove of the tall bamboo Hearn loved, and in the room floated one or two of the mosquitoes with which he had such sympathy.”

Some of the Japanese ways must have startled a girl brought up in the propriety of the Stopes family. One finds indications of this in such passages as the following of *A Journal from Japan* :—

“The life in this train is different from anything I have yet seen in trains, yet very comfortable, with dining-car where they cook beside you what you order. Near me was sitting a smart man, cultured-looking, and extremely well-dressed in perfect English style. Thus he remained for an hour; then, the heat being great, he took off his coat, then his waistcoat, and finally came to his shirt alone! Then he pulled over him a loose kimono and removed every stitch but that, finally winding a soft silk sash round his waist and sitting down, all without removing his gold-rimmed glasses or turning a hair! The transformation was extraordinary, and during the whole ridiculous scene, acted within two feet of me, he was

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so utterly unconscious and dignified, and so many others in the long car did the same, that I began to wonder if we aren't a little super-prudish in England. During the night that man was most thoughtful and kind to me, insisting on my using his rug, and finally doing an act of service that called for such unselfishness that I am sure we under-rate the innate courtesy of Japanese men to women; and he was, of course, a perfect stranger."

And also from Hokkaido: "I arrived at Aomori early this morning, and lost much temper because I had to lose much time in getting on to the ship. The language, of course, was partly the difficulty, but the natives are excruciatingly slow to move. After *three hours* of talking and arguing and going over things again and again, at last I reached the steamer—a very good little ship with nice state-rooms and saloons; of course *very* small. The state-rooms have three berths, and I find my two companions are men. It was a shock at first, but they seemed so surprised at my being surprised, that I thought again that we have too much of the trail of the serpent about our customs.

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I slept in the train with men near me, why not in the steamer? It is only for one night.”

And again: “Life in the Club-house last night was not without its interest. I couldn’t get to bed for constant visits and interviews from officials; the last gentleman came after I had prepared for bed, and I conversed with him in my night-gown (which, mercifully, was long and rather like a tea-gown), but he never turned a hair—coming in on me before I could put on a dressing-gown. The maids are all excessively sweet and polite, but they slide open the partitions noiselessly, with no warning, and catch me unawares.

“I put up at a little hotel near the sea, and after six went down for a bathe. The coast was perfect, shelving rocks sloping out to sea, with little bathing coves and sheltering rocks, and, as I imagined, perfect solitude. But, of course, in this out of the way place I had been noticed, and before I was in the water a minute a crowd of women and children had collected. Nothing I could do or say would drive them away, and so I had to get out and dress under the fire of their eyes and criticisms. In their long-drawn country

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tones they kept up a running commentary, 'Ooá—how white she is!' 'Is she married?' 'Why does she wear a dress in the sea?' 'How old can she be?' 'Perhaps twenty years.' There was no escape from nearly fifty people forming a cordon but three feet away from me; if I had fled they would have followed, so I dressed, as leisurely and as unconcernedly as if I were at home, and gravely buttoned the little buttons of my bodice and put on my stockings while I returned the compliment and made a searching examination of them.

"The boy children were naked, with smooth glowing copper limbs like sun-burned clay—as indeed they were. The girl children had usually some floating robe of a dressing-gown nature, open to show the whole body, or caught at the waist and turned down to leave the upper part free. Bright-eyed they were and muddy-cheeked, but neither pretty nor attractive. The women were naked to below the waist, the kimono being turned down over the girdle to form a kind of double skirt. No one wore any ornament of any kind, save a few coloured beads to tie their hair, but few of them had

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even that. The men wore three inches of cloth round their waists and sometimes a band round their heads made of a small Japanese towel. All were perfectly quiet, and the remarks were made one at a time by the older women; the children stood open-mouthed. I know that the blue of the seawater makes one gleam like white ivory, and as all my clothes were white, I suppose the effect must have seemed novel to them. The deep colour of the Japanese is chiefly due to sunburn, but as they are exposed to it from their earliest days, it gets so ingrained that they may not realize it is an attempt at clothing on the part of a body otherwise so unprotected.”

From the above extracts it will be realized that, after a short stay at Tokio, Dr. Stopes set off by herself to the northern trackless forests in Hokkaido. She found however that the introductions kindly sent by Sir Edward Grey and the Royal Society left her less free than she would otherwise have been to travel in obscurity, and on arriving in Hokkaido an interchange of visits with the Governor was necessary. Before matters

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were settled she found that an escort of considerable magnitude was considered essential. Among them of course was an interpreter, as she had no knowledge of the Japanese language. Whilst on the expedition with a party of coolies however the town of Hokkodate was burnt down entirely and the interpreter had to return hurriedly to see to his family affairs, leaving her, with the meagerest smattering of Japanese, to cope with her entire expedition, an experience she found most salutary and not a little amusing. In many of the villages to which Dr. Stopes penetrated, no white person of any sort, male or female, had ever been seen before, and the curiosity her arrival aroused was naturally great and often embarrassing, as, for instance, when an entire school was brought to watch her dress, the natives having noiselessly removed the sliding panels of her room before waking her. The fossils she sought proved to be there, and her coolies returned laden with specimens of great interest and new to science. From Tokio she made many expeditions in other directions, including one to the Southern Island of Amakusa, where coal mines of a

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very primitive sort existed. Throughout her stay in Japan she continually experienced difficulties in consequence of the ramifications of Japanese interests she aroused. "It was so difficult," she said, "to get anywhere I wanted to go because they always wanted me to do something else!"

In Japan the aristocratic or "No" plays greatly attracted and interested Dr. Stopes, and she attended as many performances of these as possible; and in collaboration with Professor Sakurai, then the Dean of the Imperial University, she made the first translation of three of them into English. They were published by Heinemann in 1913, with her notes on this most interesting and archaic of all still living forms of the drama. Concerning this, Baron Kato, then Japanese Ambassador, wrote of Dr. Stopes and her co-translator: "I am glad to be able to extend to them my sincere congratulations on their remarkable achievement. They have succeeded in their work to the best extent anyone can hope to succeed, and in my opinion have placed Western students of Japanese art and literature under a debt of gratitude to them."

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After living for some time as a paying guest with a Japanese officer's family, Dr. Stopes decided to try the experiment of having a little Japanese home of her own in Tokio, which city she always made her headquarters. To run this, she had a delightful Japanese maid, and lived as nearly as was convenient in the Japanese style, using chopsticks and sleeping on silk quilts on the floor, though she kept to European cooking. As the French Ambassador said, "Next to the French, the properly trained Japanese made the very best cooks in the world," and her maid was remarkably skilful over a little charcoal brazier.

The many dances and dinners, garden-parties, and receptions at the Embassies, which social life at Tokio offered, afforded ample gaiety as a contrast to her serious and arduous palæontological work. At an "At Home" in Tokio one day a matron, talking to a slender young woman in a pretty art gown of blue velvet, said: "Who is this Dr. Stopes people are talking about? He collects fossils, and I expect he is a bit of a fossil himself." Later on the same lady said to her hostess: "Who is that nice girl I have

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been talking to in the blue dress?"—"That is Dr. Stopes, the learned geologist," said the hostess, and the Yokohama matron collapsed. But Dr. Stopes wanted some social activity rather more serious than any that were available, and so she hit on the idea of founding a ladies' debating society like one her mother founded many years earlier in London. For the ladies in Tokio nothing beyond the superficialities of social life existed, since, being foreigners, the various fields of social usefulness open to women in their own countries were not available, and her idea was taken up with zest. The debates were both animated and interesting, but, to the amazement of all concerned, no men were admitted. This of course, in such a circle as the Tokio diplomatic one, caused great astonishment, and Baroness d'Anethon, the English wife of the Belgian Minister, who was the doyen in Tokio, pleaded in vain when the debate was held in her house, for exception to be made in favour of the Baron. This being sternly refused, he hid in the room, and had to be dislodged amid laughter. In looking back, Dr. Stopes thinks that this unexpected

attitude of the women was what secured the initial success of the little Society. It undoubtedly filled a want, and it took root, and in an expanded form, with many added activities, is now the Tokio Ladies' Club. Dr. Stopes also initiated a club for both men and women, the London University Club, in Tokio. She, as a graduate of London University, felt that the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, who each had their club in Japan, should not be the only ones to foregather. In this undertaking she was much helped by the fact that several of the most distinguished statesmen in Japan, as well as Professor Sakurai, the Dean of the Imperial University, were graduates, or had been students, at London University. That club, too, still maintains its existence and from time to time communicates with her.

On leaving Japan Dr. Stopes was the recipient of many beautiful gifts from various departments, including a pair of exquisite silver cloisonné vases, with a dedication to her from the Japanese Government "in recognition of the service she had been to science in Japan."

After a year and a half in Japan Dr.

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Stopes returned home across the Pacific and *via* Canada. The ship encountered a terrific storm. The manuscript containing her original drawings and the only copy of the results of Professor Fujii's and her work for the last year and a half was with her in her cabin. The sea broke in, bursting the port-hole, and before anything could be done water was waist deep in her cabin and the precious manuscript was floating about with the rest of her luggage. When rescued it was well-nigh ruined, but, having been tightly tied up, there was some hope of saving it if it could be dried quickly. The storm by this time was so terrific that she could not walk along the corridor of the ship at all, and, with her heart in her mouth, had to see the manuscript taken out of her care to the engine-room to be dried, while she was tightly wedged in with pillows and fastened into her bunk. Some days later the manuscript, with its pages entirely disarranged, was retrieved; and from that experience the authoress learnt a lesson she has never forgotten, and never now allows a manuscript of hers to remain uncopied.

On her arrival in Vancouver she was asked

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to lecture before the Women's Canadian Club. In Toronto, too, she was most cordially received and made much of by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, a well-known figure in the medical and Government circles of Canada. She then proceeded to New York, where she received much cordial and friendly hospitality.

It was not very long before she returned to America for a stay of over three months, a large part of which was spent in Washington, where she was correlating the palæontological collections with those in the British Museum, in preparation for the volumes published later by the Trustees of the British Museum. She was the guest then of Hennen Jennings and his charming wife, who gave her many delightful opportunities of meeting Americans of note. At a dinner-party to meet Viscount Bryce, in whom she found an Ambassador not merely broad and sympathetic, but with a profound knowledge of unexpected subjects, as he showed in his table talk. Of him she says: "He was the only man of general world-culture and note I have ever met who knew the correct scientific names of fossils in coal-

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bearing horizons and mentioned them as though they were everyday matters of conversation. He amazed and delighted me.”

In New York she met Andrew Carnegie, who invited her to his palatial home, and she found him very different from the hard old man rumour had described him as being. He gave her tea in tête-à-tête comfort, and though he refused an endowment for palæontological research in London, which she asked him for, he received the request with such humour and such personal charm that she went away feeling she had gained a great deal. And perhaps she had, for this wise old man said to her: “You are far too clever, my dear, to be wasting your time over fossils; *things that live matter more*. If you had come to me with a proposition that would help the peace of the world, I would not have given you a quarter of a million” (dollars, presumably), “I would have given you a million, and gladly. Take my advice, and do not waste your time over these dead-and-gone things.” (Alas for the later work of Dr. Stopes, that is so essentially calculated to help the peace of the world, Carnegie died before she was ready

to ask him to redeem his promise.) The palæontological enthusiast then pointed out to him that the whole of his wealth rested on the use of coal, and therefore the palæontological study of its nature and structure must have value, even to him. But he would not see it, and said : “ You are clever enough to make all the millions you want for yourself. We dug coal before you scientists existed, and we can go on digging it without you.” Patting her kindly, he led her downstairs, right down his front steps on to the street in most kindly and fatherly fashion, and next day sent her a book of his own, inscribed as follows : “ For relief from severer studies likely to destruct the brain.”

In St. Louis, as has already been mentioned, Dr. Marie Stopes met Dr. Gates whom she afterwards married, and in Chicago, where she was invited to lecture at the University, she met Jane Adams, the great social worker, and a number of academic men of world note. Of American cities, Boston, next to Washington, attracted her most, and there she was entertained by old Mrs. Fields, whose home was one of the last links between modern times and the

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glorious days of American literature, and who showed her a manuscript collection of many of the great English authors. Other friends in Boston gave a dinner for her to meet Henry James on his native heath. "That night," she said, "I really felt that I had achieved fame. Henry James entertained the dinner-table with a number of stories from one of my books. I suppose he had forgotten their origin, but I played up, and laughed in the proper place every time. I felt for the first time in my life that I really had accomplished something."

In Ottawa she was the guest, at Government House, of the Governor-General and Lady Grey. Here she met the Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, who was full of reminiscences and confidences about his youth. The Minister of Finance sat next to her at dinner one evening, and semi-officially asked her to name her own terms for remaining in Canada to develop palæontological work in connection with their Government departments, but she then felt that she would rather have a junior's salary in London than comparative riches elsewhere.

Shortly after this she went on to Montreal,

staying only a few days. Lord Grey, who was visiting Montreal at the time, opened Lord Strathcona's house and gave a luncheon-party to Dr. Stopes. In Montreal she visited Professor Penhallow, the palæobotanist, who had charge of many interesting fossil specimens, some of them dating from the famous Dawson's time. She also met Sir John Macdonell and Professor Adami and others of the University staff.

In Montreal she was married to Dr. Gates, who came to meet her there for that purpose.

Dr. Stopes has twice seen Niagara: once in brilliant summer sunshine, pouring over in torrential floods, and once frozen, with an ice halo round all the neighbouring trees, with an ice bridge across it, and a rainbow sparkling in the sunshine from the small central stream.

In Stockholm, Professor Nathorst, one of the greatest palæobotanists in the world, had unique collections it was necessary for her to correlate with those in the British Museum. She stayed a good many weeks in Stockholm, and while she was there the city was also visited by Professor Seward (now the Master of Downing College, Cam-

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bridge), a palæobotanist, and his wife and daughter. This palæobotanical party, together with Professor Nathorst, was invited to a lunch by the British Minister, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, at his beautiful summer villa some way out of Stockholm, who made a deep personal impression on Dr. Stopes. His sympathetic and charming personality and real interest in science was unusual. She had often experienced in Japan, where she moved freely among the diplomats, and at Washington and elsewhere where she met Ambassadors and their kind, a superficial courtesy and a pretence of interest which seemed to her unreal, but Sir Cecil created an impression of noble sincerity and sympathetic understanding.

Since the war Dr. Stopes has travelled little, though she has been once to New York and in 1923 attended the Fuel Congress in Paris, where she had been invited to give a paper on her researches on the structure of coal.



HUMPHREY VERDON ROE.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE.

ABOUT eighteen months after having been freed from the legal matrimonial entanglement which had proved itself no true marriage, Dr. Marie Stopes and her real husband met at a luncheon party given by a mutual friend. They were immediately attracted to each other under rather curious circumstances, each having been invited to meet the other and each of them thinking that the other had not turned up, but that the delightful young person they were meeting was a son or daughter of the one they were to have met.

Humphrey Verdon Roe was the son of Dr. Edwin H. Roe and Annie Verdon, his wife, and was one of seven children. Medical men were numerous in his family, and he was the son, nephew, and brother, of medicals. He himself went straight into the Army from school and from his crammer, and entered the First Battalion of the Man-

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chester Regiment as a subaltern. The regiment was stationed in Gibraltar, where he first saw foreign service with its vivid new experiences, and the regiment was drafted to South Africa in 1899, where he served through the whole siege of Ladysmith, suffering permanently in health to some slight extent from the starvation he then endured. At the end of the South African war he resigned his commission and entered first one and then another business, making himself independent of his family. A brother a year older than he, Alliott, who had a varied engineering experience and a great gift for invention, was interested from a very early date in the possibilities of flying. Humphrey Verdon Roe placed his business knowledge and resources at his brother's command, and the two worked in partnership: a partnership in which Alliott benefited by the keen common sense of Humphrey, who kept a steering-wheel on the development of the many ideas coruscating from his brother. The development of those that could lead to solid results was organized by Humphrey, and the machine they then constructed is still of value. Together the

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two brothers founded the firm which manufactured the "Avro" biplane in 1910, when flying was still thought to be almost an impossibility, and only a few years after *The Times* had published an article saying that from an engineering point of view it was not possible to fly, the brothers had mastered the obstacles before them. In the first year of the war Humphrey Roe's policy was more than justified. Avros were on active service all over the place, and in November, 1914, Avros were selected for the successful raid on the Zeppelin headquarters at Fridrichshafen.

The development of the production of Avros, and others modelled on them, naturally expanded enormously during the war, but Humphrey Roe, though at the head of a rapidly increasing business, at once endeavoured to take up a fresh commission in the Army, but was held back as being of more service to the country as a producer of flying machines. In 1917 however, the huge expansion of production having been fully organized and established, he succeeded in rejoining the Army; and resigning all direct interest in the firm, got his commis-

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sion, and went flying in France. At this time, at the age of 39, he was in such good physical condition that he went night-bombing over the German lines. His machine was brought down, and he was sent home with a broken foot and a jarred spine, gaining a wound stripe early in 1918. An account, with a photograph, of his night-bombing work is given in the "Annals of the 100th Squadron."

Besides being a successful business man of many interests, H. V. Roe has been through life a most abstemious liver, a teetotaller, a non-smoker, and of very simple personal tastes and habits. Before he met Dr. Marie Stopes, in conjunction with Councillor Margaret Ashton, M.A., the well-known philanthropist and social worker in Manchester, he had, for some time, been endeavouring to improve the lot of the working women by founding a clinic for birth control. Indeed he made an offer to a Manchester Hospital of £1,000 a year for five years and £12,000 at his death if they would open such a clinic, but through fear of losing some of their other supporters if they took such an advanced step, they



Dr. Marie Stopes at the time of her marriage to Mr. H. V. Roe, 1918.

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regretfully refused to do so. On going to the front Mr. Roe made a will, leaving his whole property for the endowment of birth control and the foundation of various scholarships. It is an indication of the extraordinary ignorance that then prevailed on that very important subject, that his solicitors in 1917 were exceedingly chary about allowing him to make any bequest for birth control, warning him that probate might be refused. Fortunately however his marriage with Dr. Marie Stopes in 1918, who was equally anxious to promote birth control, resulted in the mutual efforts they have made to do this in their own lifetimes. They founded the first clinic for birth control in the British Empire, which under their supervision has steadily progressed.

His meeting with Dr. Marie Stopes took place just before he went to France, but on his return he and she decided to marry as soon as he was allowed out of hospital, and arrangements were made for the marriage to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Bishop of Birmingham, an old friend of Dr. Stopes, and Mr. Roe's uncle, the Rev. Russell Napier, the Vicar of Old Windsor,

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were to officiate. The demand for officers was then so great however that he was ordered to the front sooner than had been anticipated, and they were hastily and secretly married a month earlier than had been planned, at the Registrar's Office at Westminster. Then, fortunately, his orders were changed, and the religious marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, could proceed. The couple were then in the amusing position of having been really married a month when, with all due pomp and solemnity, they were in the eyes of the world, being married for the first time. No one but myself, and one other friend,—not even the bride's mother—had been informed of the first marriage hastily arranged in view of the tragic possibilities at that time.

Humphrey Verdon Roe had many years previously determined to retire from business at 40, and, after his marriage, he and his wife decided, when the war should be over, to devote their whole leisure to public service in one form or another. In addition to his interest in birth control Mr. Roe, as an employer of labour, had often endeavoured to bring employers and employed to



An Industrial Conference at Givons Grove,

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a better understanding, and he actively took up the work of the Industrial League and Council, joining its committee and furthering its efforts to promote Whitleyism. He was also interested in other public service, in particular, town planning. Dr. Stopes had for some time been living at Leatherhead, and as the district offered just the kind of beauty and facility of access to London they desired, he bought a beautiful property and they settled down at Givons Grove, where they now live.

After they had been married fifteen months their first baby son was born, a beautiful and well-built boy of $8\frac{3}{4}$ lb., whose tragic death, and all the attendant circumstances, involve a story too strange and horrible for me to tell here. Fortunately, their second son, who was born in 1924 (and who also weighed $8\frac{3}{4}$ lb. at birth), is another beautiful and sturdy baby, so like the first that he might be his own elder brother come to life again.

Humphrey Verdon Roe was so severely injured in France, where he had a foot broken and two bones in his spine jarred, that he was invalided out of the Army before

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the close of the war. With the exception of a brief visit to Switzerland, he and his wife have done none of the travelling they had planned, but have lived very quietly since their marriage. Whatever strength each of them has had has been devoted principally to work in connection with birth control: the founding of the clinic for birth control, and the Society for Constructive Birth Control, of which H. V. Roe is honorary secretary. Further reference to this will be given later (p. 221).

Those who, like myself, have often stayed at Givons Grove, know well how complete and real a marriage this is. Much is said of the Brownings' ideal marriage, but here, in living fact, is another equally perfect in harmony and sentiment and in many respects more actively vital. Each with a pioneering instinct, though exercised in different directions, each serene in disregard of their own immediate advancement, each having an almost childlike sentiment and sensitiveness, they have strengthened and completed each other in the happiest way. No reference to life at Givons Grove would be complete without mention of their be-

HOME LIFE AT GIVONS GROVE.



Dr. Stopes, seated, with her husband's father and mother.



Mr. H. V. Roe and "Wuffles" as a puppy.

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loved Chow dog, who goes everywhere with them, even on their honeymoons, and whose affectionate disposition fits well into the home-life there.

I am convinced that Dr. Stopes is one of those rare people whose mental and moral energy never allows them to rest long on their oars, but who when they have mastered one problem have to engage on another. The mere diversity of tasks she has already undertaken indicates this, including as it does a considerable body of important scientific work, besides elementary text-books, a book of travels, a book of poems, plays, a cinema story, and fairy tales, as well as the series of works on sex that have had such a large circulation here, and have been translated into French, German, Swedish, Danish, Czeck, Polish, Roumanian, Dutch and Spanish. This forms a surprisingly varied output for anyone, and still more for a woman of her age, and there is every reason to expect much more from her yet.

The characteristics observable when one gets to know her well are a curious blend of feminine charm with a trenchant intellectuality such as one rarely encounters. She is

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clear-headed, but not of the aridly intellectual type; on the contrary she frequently jumps to conclusions by a kind of intuition, though she verifies and tests them afterwards. I have already alluded to the exceptional tenacity—some people would say obstinacy—with which she clings to her purpose, great or small, and also to the surprising frequency with which she reaches her aim when an onlooker does not see at all why she should. Perhaps I may illustrate this by an example. When her husband bought Givons Grove, Dr. Stopes set to work to beautify and decorate it, a task for which she is highly qualified. Well, at Givons Grove she resolved, among other things, that the upper part of the dining-room walls were to be painted a particular shade of blue. It was war-time, and after the decorators at her instigation had tried a dozen different sources, they declared the required paint to be quite unobtainable. Dr. Stopes would not have the walls painted any other colour. About that time she underwent the serious operation previously mentioned, and stayed at Torquay to recuperate. The first day she was



Members of the Birth Rate Commission. The Bishop of Birmingham in the centre,
Dr. Stopes on his left.



Dr. Marie Stopes and her Baby, Harry Verdon Stopes-Roe,
aged 3 months.

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strong enough to go out, she asked a policeman to direct her to the best oil and colour shop in the town. He did so, and on reaching it Dr. Stopes asked for two pots of the shade of blue paint she required. The shopkeeper said he had none of it, but Dr. Stopes insisted he had. She said she must have it, and would he please be quick and examine the stock in his cellar, as she was not at all well and very weak, did not want to wait long, and *knew* he had it in the shop. She was, in fact, by this time so exhausted with weakness as to be almost collapsing over the counter at which she sat. The man replied that he had no cellar; but, on being questioned, he admitted that he had a small attic, and at her bidding he went to see what was there. He soon returned, having to his surprise found just two pots of the identical shade required, which Dr. Stopes promptly purchased, and the paint from which is now on her dining-room walls.

Physically Dr. Stopes matured slowly, and must have been nearly thirty before her sex-instincts were at all fully developed. Slowness of development does not however imply any incompleteness, and besides being very

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happily married, she is the mother of an unusually fine baby : a particularly bonny, healthy little chap, whom she nurses herself and who, in the first six months of his life, has never had a wakeful night, and spends all his waking daylight hours laughing and crowing.

CHAPTER VII.

“MARRIED LOVE” AND ITS DEVELOPMENTS.

THE book, *Married Love*, was the outcome of Dr. Stopes's scientific investigation of her own case, in the course of which, as already mentioned, she had read in the British Museum and elsewhere nearly everything that mattered on cognate subjects. This research revealed to her the great gaps that exist in the information available to ordinary people, as well as the lack of a book of instruction in sex, sufficiently simple to be understood, scientifically accurate, yet sympathetic, and written with a basis of romance and poetry, which she deemed to be the atmosphere in which alone the subject can properly be broached. In addition to this, she made a very fundamental physiological discovery on the subject of women's spontaneous sex-rhythm and potential response to sex appeal. Concerning this Dr. Stopes brought to the science of human physiology a contribution which has already had, and should yet have, far-

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reaching sociological results. In her chapter on Rhythm, together with charts, a fundamental law was laid down, or rather the existence of it was detected, but couched in simple and direct language suitable for the readers of any ordinary book instead of for the *Transactions* of a learned Society. Its profound value has still perhaps not been fully realized, although it was followed up by Havelock Ellis, whose reference to it has already been quoted.

Married Love, drafted at first to crystallize her own ideas, was approximately completed in 1914, but Dr. Stopes then made no definite effort to publish it, and it was early in 1918 before she felt that the time for it was absolutely ripe and that it should immediately be published. I had read it in manuscript, and thought it of great interest, but I did not think it would find a ready market, and told her she would be fortunate if 2,000 copies of it were sold in twenty years in the form in which it was being published. In her usual independent way Dr. Marie Stopes laughed, and her laughter was justified, for the first 2,000 copies were sold in a fortnight. The second and third editions

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were sold without a single advertisement, and Mr. Fifield, who was the original publisher, soon began to be oppressed with the burden of keeping the market supplied. When Dr. Marie Stopes, who knew him to be in general an active, efficient and capable publisher, went to him with the book (sole control of which she retained), she asked him in the initial interview whether he could deal with a book likely to sell by the ten thousand for some years, and probably ultimately by the million, and Mr. Fifield assured her that such was his capacity and desire. He put his heart into the publication of the book, and it owes much to his initial care. When, however, it had begun to get into the ten thousands the successful author was rather astonished to receive urgent telegrams from the publisher saying, “Stop this boom,” and letters bewailing that he had to sit up all night to deal with the orders, and she was startled to find that where she had ordered a printing of 10,000 copies he had cut it down to 7,000. She pathetically remarked, “Most publishers, I should have thought, would be only too glad to have an author who helped them sell their books,”

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particularly when no financial responsibility was involved. In order to get the book out early in 1918, when paper was at a premium, Dr. Marie Stopes took everything in hand herself, and within three weeks of deciding it should be published, had it on the market. She bought the paper herself, and had to go from one wholesaler to another to obtain the supplies of paper needed for the successive reprintings, as paper was at that time rationed, and it was no small achievement to have kept the book on the market in the way it was. Ultimately, as Mr. Fifield was in any case retiring from business, in the most friendly fashion she transferred the book to Messrs. Putnam, who have published since then.

When first bringing out *Married Love* I remember hearing Dr. Stopes say that she thought knowledge on these sex matters now so urgent and so well worth her time that she would risk her academic position in London University and everything short of life itself to bring it out. She was quite prepared to be imprisoned. The one thing she was not prepared for was the avalanche of thanks and heartfelt gratitude, the thou-

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sands and tens of thousands of touching letters which inundated her from all parts of the world. Indeed, for the first year or two after the publication of *Married Love* Dr. Stopes's life was made a positive burden by grateful readers. She had deliberately in this book said very little on the subject of birth control, deeming it a minor matter, for *Married Love* presupposes a knowledge of birth control, and was planned to give instruction in the general problems facing potentially happy married people. But such a large number of her letters were not only from private individuals requiring birth control help, but from those who had been to their doctors and been refused information, or whose doctors knew nothing satisfactory to tell them, and so large a proportion were from medical men themselves thanking her for the information she gave and asking for more, that it became impossible to reply to the individual letters, and instead of a letter she wrote a very small book called *Wise Parenthood*, which was first published in paper covers as a pamphlet. This has grown, and been kept up-to-date as a small book concerning several methods of

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contraception, and is planned for the general reader. Public memory is very short, and it may not be generally realized or remembered how great has been the effect of Dr. Stopes's outspoken and scientific work on the subject of sex in general and contraception in particular. Before 1918 it was the exceptional doctor who was able and willing to give contraceptive information to his parents; to-day the position is almost reversed. After some time a further need became apparent, for a centre where trained experts could give personal advice to the very large number of people who require individual attention and cannot follow written instructions, and Dr. Stopes and Mr. Roe often spoke of the idea of a clinic and endeavoured to urge suitable societies and institutions to found one. Everyone feared to do so and shirked the responsibility. At last they said: "We seem to be the only two people independent enough, and with the necessary freedom, resources, and determination, to do it. No one can oust us from our positions, no one can stop us; obviously *we have got to do it ourselves.*"

The first birth control clinic in the British

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Empire therefore was founded by Dr. Marie Stopes and her husband in 1921 as a demonstration of what was needed throughout the country. It was deliberately kept small and simple, because they did not desire, as reformers often do, to create a large institution with an expensive staff, but desired to demonstrate how, with a simple everyday shop and rooms, easy of access, with equipment costing only a small sum well within the means of every welfare centre in the country, the knowledge of the control of conception could be brought to the very poor and ignorant. As they explain in the little brochure describing the first foundation of the clinic: “Here mothers will be considered not only as the producers of mere babies, *but as the creators of splendid babies*. Only motherhood which is in the control of the mother, can now truly advance our race. . . . Birth control knowledge will be given not in the crude repulsive form it is advocated in some quarters, but as the keystone in the arch of progress towards racial health and happiness.”

In order not to be hampered by the conflict of ideas and ideals, no committee was

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organized in connection with this first clinic, but a number of distinguished persons from different social circles kindly showed their interest in the work by lending their names as patrons, including several distinguished medical men and women. The clinic was opened on March 17, 1921, and its simple accommodation was very soon overtaxed to such an extent that it has hardly dared to advertise its existence since the first great meeting of welcome which was held at the Queen's Hall.

Dr. Stopes served as a member both on the Cinema Commission and on the Birth Rate Commission. The latter in its previous Report had dealt with birth control questions, and in the Sessions arranged for 1920-1921 intended not to deal with that subject. Dr. Stopes was willing to take no active part in drawing attention to it; but witness after witness skirted so near the subject in giving evidence, that questions on it were unavoidable, and it ultimately became one of the most important topics before this Commission as it had been on the former one.

At the conclusion, however, contrary to the weight of the evidence, a majority of

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the Commission signed a reservation opposed to scientific birth control; whereupon a minority resolution was drawn up by Dr. Marie Stopes, which was signed by Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Dr. C. W. Saleeby and herself.

About the time of the foundation of the clinic Dr. Marie Stopes, in connection with coal mining and other work, was to some extent in touch with Downing Street and met the Prime Minister personally, who naturally could not at that stage commit himself to any open approval of a subject which had not yet been voiced in a reputable public manner. He said to her however, “Show us that there is a public behind you; hold great meetings. There has never been a really *respectable* great meeting on the subject in the country.” Dr. Marie Stopes responded. “All right,” she said, “I will take the Queen’s Hall myself and pack it,” and this she did without any committee or backing beyond that of a small number of private friends, and a brilliant platform of speakers gathered round her. The Hall itself was packed to overflowing, and the phrase “Constructive Birth Control” coined

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and set in circulation. An American journalist who was present said: "That meeting took my breath away; twice you knocked us sideways. Once by daring to do it at all, and the second time when you gave us that idea that birth control could be *constructive*, a pro-baby idea; we had always thought of it as a purely negative and repressive movement." Letters of cordial approval and support were sent for public reading at this meeting by Miss Maude Royden, Lady Constance Lytton, the Lady Glenconnor, Sir James Barr, C.B.E., M.D., and many others.

Speeches were made by Rt. Hon. G. H. Roberts, Dr. Jane L. Hawthorne, Dr. Killick Millard, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Councillor H. V. Roe, Dr. Marie Stopes, and myself.

All the speeches were reported verbatim, and are published in a pamphlet,* together with some impressions of the meeting by people who were present.

Dr. Jane Hawthorne said: —

"I am here this evening to represent those who have neither the opportunity nor the

* *Queen's Hall Meeting on Constructive Birth Control.* Putnam's Sons, Ltd. 1921. 1s. net.

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power to make their own appeal, and therefore I am anxious to put before you as clearly as possible the position of the very poor, hard-worked wife and mother. . . . The other week a woman came into one of our clinics to tell us that in twelve years she was the mother of nine children, and of these two only were alive, and this, ladies and gentlemen, is the history of that family.”

After giving terrible details of this and a second family, Dr. Hawthorne continued :

“Another woman, whom I know well, comes regularly to the Infant Welfare Clinic every eighteen months with a new baby, and that mother is mentally deficient, whilst her husband is deaf and dumb. None of these children are normal, and so they are born to very quickly find their way into the hospitals, the asylums and other institutions.

“These, ladies and gentlemen, are only a few—a very few—of the hundreds of similar cases which one meets with in the year, and yet it seems to me that these few voice an appeal which ought to be irresistible to those of us who have ears to hear, and those of us who have the knowledge and power to help.

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By what right do we withhold this knowledge and take upon ourselves so great a responsibility?"

In the course of her own speech Dr. Stopes said :

"Sometimes those who feel intensely with me, yet shrink from doing anything for the poor mothers, because they think that by so helping them young girls and others will learn methods of birth control and may thus be sent downhill on a life they ought not to embark upon. So I want to make it clear once and for all that such an idea must not be allowed to hinder us. One of the very first experiences in the Birth Control Clinic was a strong case to show how misguided that would be. The second person who came to my Clinic when it was first opened came on behalf of a girl of twenty who was pregnant for the sixth time! And every previous time she had had an abortion performed by her own mother! We, of course, had no help for that girl. We cannot deal with such cases. Yet it shows that in that terrible underworld of misery and anguish which we selfish, self-centred, lazy people so seldom visualize and understand, there is

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already ‘knowledge’ of a kind. ‘Knowledge’ is going round which is utterly detrimental, utterly unwholesome and tragic in its effects. The true knowledge which we are bringing to counteract that is clean and wholesome, and is pure physiological information to replace the miserable half-knowledge which already exists.

“Then, too, another aspect of my Birth Control Clinic is lit up by the fact that by the word ‘control’ I mean CONTROL. It is extraordinary how the words ‘birth control’ have become associated with a negative and repressive movement. Now, in my opinion, control consists in being able to go uphill just as well as to go downhill; to turn to the right as well as to the left. I will tell you the story of one woman who came a fortnight ago.

“She was one of the type that certain clergymen in their pulpits would refer to as ‘those wicked women who refuse maternity.’ All through her marriage she had openly declared she did not want children. But to me she came for help and said: ‘I have been married seventeen years and have not had a child.’ I asked her whether she

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wished she had one and she said: 'Of course, *of course* I want a child, but I've never told anyone; I pretend that I do not want one because I can't get it,' and then she cried, and exclaimed: 'I would give my life, and suffer any torture to have a child.' We gave her information which I think will help, and I hope that in about nine months there may be a Clinic baby in that home."

There have been many other cases yielding "Clinic babies" since then.

Dr. Stopes continued:

"Another incredible thing is the general lack of knowledge about sex and all the wonderful and beautiful mysteries of marriage. The extent of this ignorance is extraordinary. Do you know we had five cases of people married for years, and in each case the husband has not known how to play his part, and the wife is still a virgin and she wonders why she does not have a child! . . .

"We have already to-day sufficient sound physiological knowledge to, from this moment (if one could only get everyone to know of it), check the birth of every diseased, unhealthy, unprepared-for child. We

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really can, as Dr. Killick Millard quoted, stem at the source this incessant stream of misery which is always greater than our resources can deal with.

“How great this misery, and how great the expense of it is to our race, can be found by reading a few of these Blue-books. You could very advantageously spend a few shillings at Imperial House, Kingsway, buying Reports in regard to prisons, costs of maintenance of schools of detention for the feeble-minded, asylums for the blind, schools for the defective, and so forth. Surely it is far better to spend the money on healthy, happy children who cost us far less per head than the wastrels! (Applause.)

“To get rid of the wastrels in a Christian way we must see that they are not born.

“Beyond this, this ideal which I present is not *merely* that we shall be simply healthy people and have only healthy children born; it is further that we shall consciously step forward to a greater potentiality of health, beauty, happiness, and understanding of life. An old false idea, which early got incorporated into Christianity, is that the enjoyment of beauty and sex-life in marriage was

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a wrong, or at any rate a lesser thing than the ascetic and repressed life. That idea is now doing us infinite harm. It is a lower and baser ideal which was suited to the earlier stages of evolution, but we have now passed through the stages of human evolution, when that idea is of any further use. The ideal which humanity to-day needs is the ideal of a full joyous life of real understanding, coupled with control, and with the full use of every beautiful aspect of the life of man and woman together. . . .

“I absolutely deny that the so-called ‘self-control’ which consists of the ascetic repressing of mutual love between man and woman is a high ideal. It was a temporary ideal suited to a phase of life in which there was no scientific knowledge. I now say quite clearly that the truest and a far higher ideal is for a man and woman to love each other profoundly as a pair of individuals, and to benefit by that love and interchange which each needs from the other. And at the same time, but as a separate conscious act, to create only those children for which they have sufficient means, sufficient love, and sufficient health. That is to say, that

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married lovers should play the part of parents *only* when they can add individuals of value to the race.”

Following Dr. Stopes, I said :

“Some three or four thousand years ago Moses and his successors, using the scientific knowledge of their times, and well understanding the difficulties and dangers of the small Jewish tribe they represented, formulated a code of morality based on the broad common-sense principle that everything possible should be done to induce their women to bear as many children as possible for fear the race should be exterminated by the hostile nations and the wild beasts that surrounded them on all sides.

“That morality no longer fits our case to-day. If every woman in England were induced to bear a score of children the resulting misery would totally eclipse the sufferings caused by the Great War. It was very well 3,000 years ago to say : ‘Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them (i.e., children); they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.’ With twenty fine, strapping sons of his own, he could indeed talk ‘like a father’ to any foe.

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“But times have changed. We no longer insist on a man going to his deceased brother’s widow to perform the husband’s duty and raise up seed to increase the family. We even place obstacles in the way of his marrying his deceased brother’s widow if he wants to. Then again, we do not tolerate public polygamy in the old-fashioned way, and we should be much scandalized if we had a king whose matrimonial experiences were as melancholy and as multitudinous as those of King Solomon.

“Evidently in our new conditions we need some clear guidance suited to our present-day conditions, but which shall preserve the spirit of ancient religion by dealing with the questions of marriage and motherhood on lines as clear, broad, reasonable, and humane, as were the precepts of Mosaic morality for the people and time when they were formulated. It is not creditable to those who now sit in Moses’s seat that they have made no serious attempt to do this. They have tithed the mint and anise of church ceremonies and legal enactments while forgetting the weightier matters necessary to the promotion of healthy and happy

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homes for men and women rearing cheerier and sturdier offspring to fill our places when we have passed to the Great Beyond. It was under these circumstances that Dr. Stopes, three years ago, produced her great work, ‘Married Love,’ which has since been followed by ‘Radiant Motherhood’ and other works.

“These offer sound and sane guidance which we can oppose to the quackery, ignorant confusion of thought, and ascetic malignity, of those who love the darkness rather than the light. That is why I wish particularly to emphasize the thanks due to Dr. Marie Stopes.”

Mrs. Zangwill, the authoress, wrote of that meeting :

“I had not heard Dr. Stopes speak in public before, and so was unprepared for the beauty of her voice, and the amazing way in which it carries. She put forward yet another aspect of the case. Birth control is control and not negation, she insisted. Her clinic is not only to prevent the unwanted baby; it is to produce the wanted. She touched on instances of disastrous marital ignorance—ignorance that is only

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possible through our ignoring the most important subject in life—the subject that is life.”

It seemed that the enthusiasm and interest showed at this meeting should not be allowed to die down with no permanent growth, and consequently a Society was founded to carry on birth control propaganda and work on the lines indicated at the meeting. The Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress was founded at the Hotel Cecil on August 16, 1921, Mr. H. V. Roe being elected honorary secretary and Dr. Marie Stopes president, with a distinguished committee and list of vice-presidents. In a few weeks this Society secured more public support than the old Malthusian League had done in forty years, for it was run in a way more in keeping with the feeling of the time, a yearning for constructive help for a pro-baby organization which recognized the sacredness of motherhood and the need of knowledge to space babies so as to give the best conditions for both mother and child. This spirit is embodied in the tenets of the Society

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(see Appendix C). Regular meetings have been held in London, and a number of others all over the country, which have stimulated men and women in many directions, so that now the birth control movement is a powerful constructive movement in the country, though it is not yet fully organized, nor are its adherents all conscious of how large is the number of those who, like themselves, privately approve but still fear their next door neighbour—who also probably privately approves, but fears to say so.

Following her first presidential address to the Constructive Birth Control Society, Dr. Marie Stopes responded to an invitation to speak in the Town Hall in New York, and “popped across” the Atlantic for a three-days’ visit. She found herself compelled to stay five days, as there was no suitable return sailing, and during that time she gave an address to the first great meeting on the subject in the Town Hall in New York, a verbatim report of which was published by the Voluntary Parenthood League; besides which she spoke at some private drawing-room meetings at which the formation of clinics for birth control in America was discussed and a scheme set on foot.

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Dr. Stopes's little book, "Truth About Venereal Disease," had the good fortune to be mentioned with praise and approval in the House of Lords by the presidents of both the then opposing Societies that were combating the evil—Lord Gorell and Lord Willoughby de Broke—and it did something towards the object with which it was written, namely, the unification of the opposing factions.

The Society for Constructive Birth Control, finding the press indifferent, needed an organ, and when it held its first public dinner (a very successful affair), Dr. Marie Stopes produced from under her dinner napkin, as a surprise, the first number of the *Birth Control News*, which was circulated among the guests. This monthly, in the form of an ordinary newspaper so as to be readable and attractive to the man-in-the-street, has ever since then chronicled the world-wide development and interest in birth control, which is now beginning to be recognized by thinkers in all directions as one of the most useful and urgent subjects for social consideration.

When *Married Love* was first published

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Dr. Marie Stopes won the approval of almost everyone, as it was written in a sympathetic strain of idealism. With its plea for temperate wholesome living and the spread of sound knowledge it was difficult to disagree, and she had too, in the first six editions of the book, the cordially expressed support of a Roman Catholic priest of the Society of Jesus, who said :

“DEAR DR. STOPES,—

“I have read *Married Love* with deep interest. As a piece of thoughtful, scientific writing I find it admirable throughout, and it seems to me that your theme could not have been treated in more beautiful or more delicate language, or with a truer ring of sympathy for those who, through ignorance or want of thought, make shipwreck of their married happiness.

“Your clear exposition of the rhythmic curve of sex-feeling and of the misinterpretation on the part of so many husbands of what they call their wives’ contrariness, arising from their ignorance of its existence, should bring happiness to many married couples whose lives are drifting apart through want of knowledge. In the exercise

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of my ministry I have repeatedly traced the beginnings of the rift to this want of knowledge, and consequently of sympathy.

“So far we are in complete agreement, but our ways part when you treat of birth control.”

Then follow the usual Roman Catholic objections to birth control, in the course of which he says :

“Let me take in illustration of my meaning the case you give of the worn-out mother of twelve. The Catholic belief is that the loss of health on her part for a few years of life and the diminished vitality on the part of her later children would be a very small price indeed to pay for an endless happiness on the part of all.”

He does not explain why “endless happiness” should be obtained by irrational conduct, but concludes his letter with the words :

“I cannot end without thanking you very sincerely for allowing me to read your book. Apart from what, as a Catholic, I object to in it, it contains so much most helpful matter that I feel sure it will bring to many a happiness in married life now wanting

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through the ignorance and the consequent want of sympathy which you so rightly deplore.”

After Dr. Stopes and her husband founded the clinic however, and thus came into the arena not merely as dreamers and talkers, but as people who were practically active, hostilities arose of which something will be said in the next chapter. These pioneers naturally enough encountered sporadic animosity often in unexpected quarters, and sometimes, much to their distress and surprise, in the very quarters from which they had expected helpful co-operation; but no organized opposition exists except in one direction, namely, in the official attitude of the Roman Catholic Church and its associates, which became actively hostile after the founding of the clinic. Until then many Roman Catholics had been Dr. Stopes's ardent admirers and public supporters, but after that date they were forbidden to express public approval, and were positively encouraged to suppress knowledge of her and of her work, as well as to pursue a hostile policy. These hostilities began to take the form of scurrilous articles in the press, which

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Dr. Stopes was advised to ignore. Later however a Roman Catholic medical practitioner published a book which contained statements against which Dr. Stopes, as the leader of a movement, felt herself bound to take legal proceedings. Owing to the fact that at the time of writing an appeal is before the House of Lords, this case is still *sub judice*, and cannot be discussed in detail; but I may be permitted to say that among its remarkable features were the medical contradictions voiced by the defendant's witnesses. In the *Birth Control News* for November, 1923, some of this medical evidence was analysed.

This case, though costing Dr. Stopes many thousands of pounds and incalculable worry and waste of time, did not hinder the birth control movement; on the contrary it gave it a great advertisement and educated large numbers of people into becoming sympathizers who had previously held aloof not realizing the issue at stake. All over the country, meetings continued to be held on the whole question of contraception, social economics, and sex life. Among the larger meetings ad-

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dressed by Mr. H. V. Roe and Dr. Marie Stopes was one at Stockport, organized by the Labour Party, which was attended by a packed audience of 3,000. A couple of thousand squeezed into the Central Hall in Edinburgh; a meeting of 1,000 was held in the Battersea Town Hall; a meeting of over 1,000 in Liverpool.

Previously, in 1922, a meeting had been held at the Town Hall at Deptford, when the mayor in office officially countenanced the meeting by taking the chair. Delicate health alone has prevented Dr. Marie Stopes from “stumping the country”; for a few years ago she had to undergo a serious operation, and has never regained sufficient strength to travel as she did previously. From the point of view of the movement this is unfortunate, for undoubtedly the time is ripe, and Dr. Marie Stopes, going from town to town, would set fire to the great mass of public opinion now smouldering red hot in its demand that birth control shall be made available at the Welfare Centres, or in small clinics all over the country, and that the self-respecting, thrifty, and healthy, members of the community shall no longer be

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burdened with the upkeep of large families of C3's and wastrels who are on the rates, and, still more important, that the enslavement of mother shall no longer exist among us.

Unable herself to speak night after night, she devised the idea of making others speak for her, and wrote a play. Nothing has so far been said here of Dr. Stopes's interest in the drama. That also is, perhaps, inherited from her mother's passionate interest in Shakespeare. But I know that if she had not so many other calls on her time, she would have devoted herself to the drama. As it is she has published an interesting volume on the *No* plays of Japan (see p. 110 and Appendix A), one of which was produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, besides being set to music by Boughton and performed several times by the Glastonbury Festival Company. She has also published two or three modern plays besides "Our Ostriches." One of them, "Conquest," is symptomatic of the tendencies which led up to the inception of the League of Nations.

The birth control play, "Our Ostriches," ran at the Royal Court Theatre, London,

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for three months, and contained an amusing scene in which a Commission (a replica of many official Commissions) sat on the stage, the heroine of the play eliciting ardent applause every night from the audience. “Our Ostriches” afforded Dr. Marie Stopes the experience of a riotously successful first night, when, in reply to calls for “Author,” she gave a short speech in which she mentioned that this birth control play had been permitted, but another play of hers, a pro-baby one, had been blocked by the Lord Chamberlain.

CHAPTER VIII.

OPPONENTS.

NO one of so dynamic a temperament could pass through life without making some enemies and rousing opposition, but until recent years the number of Dr. Stopes's opponents or enemies was remarkably few. Before she published "Married Love" she once said to me: "I believe the only people who do not like me, and try to minimize what I do, are the men who have made love to me—and, of course, to whom I have not been able to respond." There were also a few small-minded wives of the professional men with whom she came in contact, whose instinct was to feel that any woman who could enter into the intellectual fields pursued by their husbands must be dangerous, but beyond these trifling and sporadic difficulties she might be said to have had no enemies until she encountered the Roman Catholics. That she encountered them, purely by accident, was due to the publication of her book of poems,

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Man, Other Poems and a Preface. Up to that date she had not realized that such a thing as organized Roman Catholic hostility to any person existed, nor, consequently, that it was possible to arouse it, and she was much surprised to find she had aroused the rabid hostility of a botanist on the staff of the British Museum, Mr. James Britten. He was a Roman Catholic and an exceedingly active worker for the Catholic Truth Society.

Dr. Stopes tried, but failed, to make him understand she had had no intention of offending Roman Catholics, and could not imagine that they would apply to themselves the words of her poem, as she had no antagonistic thought when they were penned. The hostility of this Roman Catholic botanical editor was unappeasable however.

Warned by this previous encounter, when she published *Married Love*, she thought she would secure herself by obtaining a commendation from a Roman Catholic, and, as previously mentioned (see p. 155), she obtained a most cordial foreword of approval of the book from a member of the Society of Jesus. Undoubtedly this safeguarded the

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first appearance of the work, which was hailed by many Roman Catholics and was pushed actively by them in many directions until her more practical work in the foundation of a birth control clinic aroused the hostility of the Church of Rome. Thereafter her books were taboo, the cordial treatment she had received from many experienced Catholics who well knew the value of her work was quenched, and organized hostility against her was instituted which, to those who have not themselves suffered from such organized hostility, may appear incredible in England in the twentieth century. What Dr. Stopes has to tell of underground opposition would fill a volume, and includes whispered slander of the most personal kind, definite tales and stories circulated in London clubs, some of which sound very plausible, for almost correct anecdotes about her are subtly twisted to convey a false meaning. Almost every newspaper has been bombarded by her enemies.

In illustration, let me note what happened in *The Times*. Up to the date of this hostility, and after the publication of *Married Love*, Dr. Marie Stopes had always had very kindly

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treatment from *The Times* newspaper. She was, for instance, one of the few people of a literary tendency who had never had a letter refused for publication, nor an article rejected. Indeed, one day she took down an article of a column length and said: "This simply *must* go in to-morrow, and I hope you will put it in," and it appeared. Other papers would often telegraph to her to send articles by return, but since the Roman Catholic campaign against her began changes in the attitude of the newspaper press became so remarkable that some details of them should be mentioned. One may say, in general, that editors and advertisement managers are very busy people whose chief contact with their public is through correspondence, and that if they receive two or three dozen letters expressing more or less similar opinions, they are apt to imagine that these letters represent a general feeling, and to allow themselves to be guided by them.

A skilfully organized campaign of anonymous and also of signed letters, against Dr. Stopes and the work that she stands for, is a part of the Roman Catholic campaign. Evi-

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dence of this appeared in the course of the trial in the High Court between herself and Dr. Sutherland, a Roman Catholic, when, before giving judgment, Lord Justice Scrutton made the following statement:—

“Since we reserved judgment in this case I, in common with other members of the Court, have been pestered by anonymous communications all proceeding from and advocating the side of the defendant. Of course, I acquit the legal representatives of the defendant absolutely of having anything to do with these communications. I have also no reason to believe that the defendant himself had anything to do with these communications, but I think it is right to say that such communications are absolutely improper and are punishable as contempt of Court.”

Judges in the High Court are not, of course, swayed by correspondents, but letters fictitiously signed, or signed by persons paid to write them, in addition to those written by individuals who really feel what they write, are handy weapons to use against an opponent whose natural outlet through the press certain people wish to

stop. The result of such influences is seen in *The Times*' refusal of advertisements of her books for the last year or two, though they were previously advertised in its columns, as indeed in those of almost every other reputable paper in the country. *The Times* also began to refuse the lecture announcements of the C.B.C. Society when they contained Dr. Stopes' name as taking the chair, and it was necessary to see one of the Directors to get this ban lifted, as it has recently been, since when the Society's announcements have regularly appeared. Still more incredible seems the fact that a double advertisement of the birth of her son was refused by *The Times*, although the announcement was worded in the simplest and quite usual form,* first, under the surname "Roe"; second, under the surname "Stopes" (as the baby will have both surnames, Stopes-Roe), and in the exact wording of the announcement which appeared in the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and

* Exact wording of the advertisement was—"ROE—On the 27th March to Dr. Marie Stopes, wife of H. V. Roe, of Givons Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey—a son"; and "STOPES—On the 27th March, to Marie Carmichael Stopes and her husband, Humphrey Verdon Roe, of Givons Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey—a son."

other first-class papers. Moreover this refusal was not made to an employee, but personally to Mr. Roe, who took the advertisement himself to all the offices that there should be no mistake. After the birth of her son Dr. Marie Stopes was seriously ill for a long time.—As a consequence of her world-wide travels she has many friends in various parts of the world who are anxious to have news of her. *The Times* is the principal paper to penetrate Embassies and outlying British homes, and was therefore practically the only convenient medium of communication with those friends, but a short paragraph for the Social Column, announcing that she was out of danger, was also refused, and friends consequently remained in ignorance of the state of her health, although a little later on an advertisement was accepted by a different department for the personal column. Neither Dr. Stopes nor her friends attribute such disheartening incidents to any definite policy on the part of the press, but to the sporadic successes her enemies achieve through individuals who come directly or indirectly under their influence.

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The Times report of the Sutherland case had been quite fair, yet in its legal columns reporting her application against two Roman Catholic editors, the words of her own Counsel, as also of the Judge, were altered so as to degrade her from being "Dr. Stopes" to "Mrs. Stopes." On the day that this appeared, her solicitor wrote to *The Times* drawing the editor's attention to this mistake. Nevertheless a few days later in the Judgment of Mr. Justice Roche *The Times* report again altered his words so as to alter her description, and this in a case in which the title to which, as a learned Doctor of Science, she is by Act of Parliament entitled, was of material importance to her. This is amazing, considering the reputation *The Times* has long enjoyed for accuracy, and the fact that it is frequently referred to in Court as evidence of what has occurred.

It is hard to calculate what Dr. Stopes's movement has lost by the absence of the normal press publicity and support to which her work is entitled, and which it would no doubt have continued to receive from the press had it not been for the machinations

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of the Roman Catholics, for the public forms its opinions of persons and movements very largely by what it reads of them in the press.

Those who wish to minimize her work sometimes say of Dr. Stopes: "But she is not a *proper* doctor, and is therefore not qualified to deal with these matters." But, in the first place, under the laws of the land, only the learned doctors of the various Faculties, that is to say, Doctors of Science, Doctors of Laws, Doctors of Medicine, Doctors of Music, Doctors of Divinity, and so on, are legally entitled to be called "Doctor," though the practising medical profession very frequently and impudently appropriates that title, and many who are only Bachelors of Medicine, or even less, call themselves "Doctors," and are so called by the public.

An M.B. (*bachelor* of medicine) is, of course, fully qualified to practise in this country as a physician, but this does not legally, and should not in any way, confuse him with the learned *doctors*. If a short name is wanted, he should be called a "Medico." Dr. Marie Stopes, as a learned Doctor of Science, has more right to the

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title than the majority of the medical profession.

It should also be pointed out that what the ordinary medico practises, he or she has learned from the Doctors of Biological and Medical Science. Pasteur was not a practising medical, but nearly the whole science of medicine now bases itself upon his scientific foundations. It is fully within the province of a learned Doctor of Biology to instruct practising medicals on the scientific bases of any advances in any branch of their science, and to contribute new knowledge to it. To give a more recent example, the late lamented Sir William Bayliss, the greatest physiologist in the world, was not a practising medical, but medical practitioners all over the world are proud to learn from him.

Dr. Stopes has even lectured to medical students at more than one medical school. As a fully trained biologist she has published the first medical and scientific manual in any language on contraception. This book is entitled "Contraception : Its Theory, History and Practice, A Manual for the Medical and Legal Professions." It is published by a Medical Publisher, and has been

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cordially received by the medical press, the *Lancet* saying :

“Much of the evidence contained in the book is quite unobtainable elsewhere.”

Dr. Christopher Rolleston, a Medical Officer of Health, said of this publication :

“I predict a great success for the work, and I wish to record my thanks to the author for her pioneer work in preventive medicine.”

It is also warmly endorsed by Sir James Barr, M.D., a former president of the Medical Association, and many doctors from all over the world use it as the source of their practice.

The fact is that the medical profession had in the past seriously neglected this subject, which greatly affects the health of the present and future generations. No instruction in the use of contraceptives was included in the training of doctors at any of our hospitals before Dr. Stopes's work appeared, and practising doctors are generally too busy to investigate matters not included in their training, and even if they had the time, most of them lack the kind of training needed for original research in sex-problems

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and especially in the relation of those problems to women. Yet when a qualified woman scientist specializes in the matter and supplies what the doctors had failed to provide—the objection is raised that she does not belong to their trade union, and that matters should continue to be neglected till one of them some day finds time to deal with the matter.

But while the doctors neglected the subject, another class of people were actively harmful in disseminating erroneous information. These were the Roman Catholic priests, whose celibacy, one would suppose, deprives them of sexual experience and renders them ill-qualified to deal with the problems of married life, even apart from the fact that a theological training is a poor substitute for the scientific training needed for the investigation of such questions.

I have no feeling of ill-will towards the Roman Catholics, whose Church at various times has rendered great service to humanity, but I feel sure that many Catholics who value intellectual integrity must blush to read the pitiful futilities that are put forward as the Catholic case against birth control.

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Beyond the bald assertion that it is "wrong"—which, being the very question at issue, cannot be decided by mere assertion—they rely on an obvious misrepresentation of the plain meaning of the 38th chapter of Genesis, and on other statements and arguments that are so childish as to be ridiculous. For instance, they habitually confuse abortion—that is, the killing of the embryo after conception—which is a dangerous and harmful practice, and a criminal offence in English law, with the prevention of conception, which is neither dangerous, nor harmful, nor a legal offence. Those who confuse these two different matters are either so ignorant that they have no business to offer guidance on the subject, or they seek with deliberate mendacity to darken counsel by their words.

Besides this, we have statements that a rational control of births, to ensure a moderate birth-rate with a high survival rate among those who are born, and a healthy posterity, is "race suicide," leading to the depopulation of the world, the spread of immorality, and various other evils. These assertions are backed by references to the

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state of France (a Roman Catholic country, in which birth control information and the sale of contraceptives is illegal), where, in spite of a terrible amount of abortion, the birth-rate, as shown by recent statistics, is higher than in England, but the death-rate among children is so great that the survival rate is very low.

It is natural that people who obstinately opposed the dissemination of knowledge on these subjects, and have no better arguments than these to adduce in support of their views, are tempted to betake themselves to methods such as those referred to above in what has been said about the pressure exerted on the press to stifle news of the birth control movement, and the falsehoods disseminated about Dr. Stopes herself.

Before long it may occur to the more intelligent among Dr. Stopes's opponents, that when a great public question fundamentally affects the vigour of the race, the health of mothers and children, and the happiness of the whole people, a thin black line of priests and their dupes cannot permanently block the way to the free and open discussion of the subject.

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The public is naturally asking for an authoritative statement from the medical profession on the matter, and it should be more generally known that there is now a Medical Research Committee dealing with the technique of contraception. When it issued a statement to the medical and general press early this year after sitting two years its composition was as follows: Sir James Barr, C.B.E., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E.; Professor Sir William Bayliss, F.R.S., M.A., D.Sc.; Harold Chapple, Esq., M.C., F.R.C.S.; Dr. Jane L. Hawthorne; Geo. Jones, Esq., M.A., M.B., D.P.H., Barrister-at-Law; Dr. Maude Kerslake; Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C.B., M.B., M.S.; Sir John MacAlister, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.; Sir Archdall Reid, M.B., F.R.S. Ed.; Christopher Rolleston, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.P., D.P.H.; D. Sommerville, Esq., B.A., M.Sc., M.D., M.R.C.P.; Marie C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.G.S.; H. M. Telling, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.; Dr. Mather Thomson; E. B. Turner, Esq., F.R.C.S.

It will be noted that the majority of the Committee are medicals, and biological science was represented by Sir William

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Bayliss, Dr. Sommerville, and the President of the Society, Dr. Marie Stopes. In addition to the medical members of the Committee, other distinguished practitioners are in helpful association with it.

In accordance with the objects of its foundation, the Committee considers a variety of current affairs concerning Contraception, but its proceedings and minutes are strictly confidential and none of its deliberations are published, except about points which are specially passed for publication. The Committee, feeling the importance of the questions concerned, is in no hurry to draw up reports or make public statements, but desires to observe and investigate carefully. A number of new, or supposedly new methods have been brought before it from various quarters. Due consideration confirms the view that no one method is applicable, but that several of the simple and well-known methods which have had a long trial still are the best to meet ordinary requirements.

At a Committee meeting last spring the following resolution was passed for publication in suitable quarters: "The Medical

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Research Committee of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress wishes to place on record its joint and several opinion that the methods now used at the *Mothers' Clinic* are the best known at the present time."

The Mothers' Clinic, it will be remembered, is the Birth Control Clinic founded by Dr. Stopes and her husband which has been the subject of so much ignorant attack.

Her Roman Catholic opponents scored a great coup in connection with Dr. Marie Stopes's film *Married Love*, or *Maisie's Marriage*, which was beautifully produced by Messrs. Samuelsons. The producers, Captain Walter Summers who collaborated and Dr. Stopes, all agreed that it should *not* be pre-eminently a birth control play, but a melodramatic story of general interest. Dr. Stopes had been a member of the Cinema Commission, and always desired to produce a film to which *no* exception could be taken. This she thought she had done, and the producers did not believe it possible that any objection could be made to a film which had been so cautiously produced. The trade show was very successful, but the Censor,



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instead of giving the certificate necessary for universal exhibition in a few hours or a day or two as is usually done, *held up the matter for four weeks*, a delay which caused great loss to the producers, for in the cinema world everything must come like hot cakes after the first announcements. It is an unfortunate coincidence in this case that the Chief Censor, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, is a Roman Catholic. In a personal interview all the facts presented to him failed to influence him, and he insisted on alterations so harassing that the author could not consent to them. For instance, though no exception was taken to a cabaret scene that occurs in the picture, he considered a beautiful rose which faded into a baby's face to be improper, and demanded its excision! The play however in its *complete* form, exactly as written by the author, was shown to the trade, was rapturously received, and obtained excellent reviews in many solid papers such as the *Daily Telegraph*, and has been shown in its original form in many of the large towns in England with the approval of the local Watch Committees; for instance, the very strict Manchester Watch Committee

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approved of it, and the film was shown to packed houses in Manchester. Sometimes efforts were made locally to block it, but generally the committees came out in its favour; for as Colonel Giles, of the Folkestone Watch Committee, reported in the *Morning Post*, said: "One could safely take one's grandmother to see it, there being nothing obnoxious in it." Scotland too welcomed it in its original form. Mr. T. P. O'Connor wanted to enforce his alterations, though he had no real *power* to do so if local Watch Committees approve of a film he bans. The L.C.C., misinformed about details, backed the Censor, and at one time even endeavoured to stop the use of the words "Married Love" in association with the film. Dr. Marie Stopes received a letter from the L.C.C., however, as a result of her personal interview with the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, in which they stated: "The Council has not raised, and will not raise, objection to the use, in posters and descriptive pamphlets issued in connection with the film, of the description 'Maisie's Marriage,' a story by Dr. Marie Stopes, the author of 'Married Love,' pro-

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vided that the words 'the author of "Married Love"' are printed in type which is appropriate to the description of that nature, and relatively small compared with the type used for the title 'Maisie's Marriage.'''

One wonders under what statutory right they dictated to the advertising world of the cinema the size of type they may use!

Mr. O'Connor's intervention with the Home Office led to a circular letter being sent out from the Home Office to every Chief Constable in England. Such communications from the Home Office led to local trouble here and there, notably in Portsmouth, where the booking was cancelled. Dr. Stopes was personally in Portsmouth the same week and saw the Chief Constable, and the Town Clerk under whose orders he acted, and they assured her that there was a misapprehension and mistake in the matter, and if it came up again no exception would be taken to the display and exhibition of the film under the above title. Fortunately those authorities did not take a tape measure to the lettering.

It was a curious coincidence that the week

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she was banned in the cinema, Dr. Stopes spoke from the pulpit in Portsmouth. At the Sunday evening service at which she spoke, the crowds down the aisle, and standing even on the gravestones outside to hear through the windows, were so great that people asked if some member of the Royal Family was there, as they could think of no other attraction likely to draw such crowds.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's interference seemed likely to become the subject of a public inquiry. In the printed order of the day for the House of Lords, "Bills appointed and Notices" for Wednesday, November 13, 1923, the following appeared :

"The Earl Russell.—To call attention to a communication from the Home Office, of June 30 last, addressed to the Chief Constables and Watch Committees and marked 'Confidential,' attempting to interfere with the production of a film entitled 'Married Love,' by Dr. Marie Stopes, and to ask His Majesty's Government what official status, if any, the Board of Film Censors has; whether the censorship is in fact administered by Mr.

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T. P. O'Connor; and whether it is the practice of the Home Office to act as Mr. T. P. O'Connor's representative in endeavouring to interfere with the production of particular films without any independent inquiry on their part."

Unfortunately it was a few hours too late, for the Baldwin Ministry resigned, and under the rules of the House the subject could not again be raised in the succeeding Administration, despite the injury done to private individuals, who, one would think, should have some means of obtaining redress from those who succeeded to office. It is a pity that Mr. Baldwin did not hold the reins a little longer, for in a debate in the Lords many things of considerable general interest would have come to light.

CHAPTER IX.

INNER LIFE.

IN any life that is worth writing at all the outward events have but a superficial interest in comparison with the landmarks in the development of consciousness and the soul. This was pre-eminently so in the life of Tolstoy, whose biography I wrote chiefly because it was in so marked a degree a spiritual adventure.

My many years' acquaintance with Dr. Marie Stopes have made me in some small degree acquainted with the landmarks in the development of her inner life, but as in the case of Tolstoy the data carrying conviction are those afforded by autobiographical evidence. So I feel in the present instance that we must await an autobiography fully to understand the character whose life it has here been my task to sketch in outline.

A certain amount of autobiographical detail is to be found in the volume of travels already referred to, the *Journal from Japan*, as also in the preface to *Man*,

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Other Poems, and a Preface; on these I have drawn, but for the main outline of her spiritual growth I depend upon personal notes which I asked Dr. Stopes to write.

“From my earliest childhood religion, not in its narrowest sense of outward performance but in the inner sense of absolute reality, has been a matter of the very greatest concern to me. My mother was Scottish of almost Calvinistic tendencies, and my father a Quaker, but one who felt that the religious education of a little girl should be left absolutely to the mother. I was brought up in the rigours of the stern Scottish old-fashioned Presbyterianism, in which hell was presented to me as an absolute reality which I stood in imminent danger of inheriting; special books were kept for Sunday reading; no toys were allowed on Sundays, when Bible chapters and texts had to be learnt as well as church attendances fulfilled. All this I took with childlike literalness, which was rendered all the more intense by a feeling of guilt at being unable to *see* Christ and the angels, which I felt, somehow, was my own fault. In spite of my father’s lack of interference I used, even

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in the very earliest days, to feel that he was wiser than mother, and that his aloofness from our religious observances was not hostile, but something superior; that in fact he dwelt in more direct communion with God than we, who had to make an outward office of it. This, I think, shows how through all the early years of my childhood he must have exercised the greatest care not to interfere in any way with my mother's more specific instructions.

“One of the earliest religious landmarks that I remember was when, at the age of six or seven, my manifold sins had been made very evident to me, and I felt that if only I were a better girl I would *feel* the actual floods of the Blood of Jesus which would purify me. I felt I must try to be converted in such a way that I really could see and feel these things. I remember placing myself at the foot of a long flight of stairs at the bottom of which was a sheepskin mat, dyed crimson, and I rubbed myself in the crimson wool of the mat and shut my eyes and tried to picture the stream of the Blood of the Lamb cascading down the stairs and over me, purifying me and taking away my mani-

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fold sins. I was discovered by nurse before this process had completed itself, and was led away, but I remember to this day the feeling that the only barrier between me and an actual sensation of the Blood of the Lamb was my manifold crimes of omission and commission, and that I stood in imminent danger of hell-fire if I did not succeed in persuading my senses really to feel the Blood of Jesus.

“Childhood’s memory fades concerning the resolution of that problem; and next I remember clearly, at the age of about eight, getting into very profound religious difficulties over the conflict between the existence of hell-fire, in which human beings, and even children, were burnt eternally, and an all-loving and all-kind God. These difficulties worried me to the extent of keeping me awake at night. The problem was not one that I could take to my mother, because when I was seven years old I had one day observed her sewing in her bedroom on a Sunday, and had hence come to the conclusion that she was ‘not truly religious.’ My grandmother, however, who read the Bible every day and was always spoken of

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as a very saintly woman, seemed to me to be in immediate communication with God and to be the person to whom I should take this very profound difficulty. I well remember going into her room with her breakfast tray, finding her reading her Bible as usual in bed. Sitting down near her, I began to ask her about the problem of hell and a loving God. She laughed; I suppose I must have sounded absurd, but it shut me up so completely within myself that I do not think I ever spoke of the difficulty to anyone for years. But I remember, most clearly, thinking it out for myself, and in the course of a few months evolving in elaborate detail, something that resembled the Roman Catholic faith, with the exception that I omitted, of course, any idea of the Pope. No Roman Catholic was in contact with me, and my home, as I have explained, was a Calvinistic and Quaker establishment, and yet I came to the conclusion that the only possible God, that was the true God, must be one who did not entirely burn people up in hell, but only allowed them to burn so far as to burn the badness out of them, and that the goodness was then allowed to go into Heaven

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as a very tiny baby and grow there big enough to be a grown-up soul in Heaven; in short, the theory of purgatory. I evolved also, in my inner consciousness, the theory of saints, and I remember most clearly, night after night through the winter, lying on my side, taking up the least possible room at the edge of my bed, and spreading the bed-clothes comfortably across the part of the bed that I did not inhabit, so as to allow the saints, whom I fancied were there guarding me and talking to me, to be comfortable and warm while they were there. I was convinced that they were there, and felt that it was my own wickedness which prevented my feeling their presence.

“This phase, of course, also passed, although I do not remember when. Then I remember clearly, from the age of about eight to ten, or nine to ten, reading the whole of the Bible through, including all the enormously long and dreary chapters in the Old Testament. I was still ignorant of the Roman numerals, and could not understand them, and I remember going through the Bible with a pencil and counting up on my fingers the numbers of the chapters as I

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read them and writing them in ordinary numerals, so that I should know how far I had got. The thin pages adhering here and there, naturally the sequence of the Roman numerals was transcribed quite wrongly, a thing I only discovered a good many years after, when I came to look through the same Bible again. At the time I felt that perhaps, if I were good enough to read the whole Bible without skipping a word, I might understand the religious puzzles which still haunted me. At the age of eleven I was still so much a believer in the literal understanding of the Bible that when I was asked by one of my aunts what I wanted for a birthday present, I asked for a New Testament small enough to put in my little pocket, so that I could continue to study it and try to learn the whole of the New Testament by heart.

“At the age of eleven I remember most vividly another experience which was perhaps rather remarkable for a young child. My grandmother was then apparently in good health, living in Edinburgh, and my mother and we children were staying a night or two in Edinburgh. No anxiety had

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warned us of my grandmother's condition, but one evening, after being put to bed, I could not sleep for a terrible feeling of icy coldness and death. I had never thought of death before, and my sister and I were sharing a large bed, and all night through I kept putting my hand across, quietly, to see if she were cold, or if it was only I who was cold, and wondering who was dead and what death meant, feeling that it was very, very near. The next day my grandmother was found, quietly sleeping after her afternoon nap, dead in her bed. I may say that quite a number of times during my life similar premonitions of events before they have happened have come to me, but not with a sufficient regularity to allow me to plan my life on the assurance that they will come. Such foreknowledge is always scrappy and incompletely conveyed.

"A few days before I was twelve I was sent to school in Edinburgh, living with a family and attending St. George's School. The family with whom I stayed were also old-fashioned, extremely Protestant, Scottish people, and I remember being shown, with such strong expressions of disapproval that

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I looked upon the whole surrounding atmosphere as contaminated by it, an Anglican Church near Alva Street in which the people were wicked enough to have an organ to sing with. I remember my young indignation at such 'Popery,' a word that by that time I had learnt, although I still did not realize its meaning. At that age, too, the sense of responsibility, which I felt very early became intensely oppressive. I think it was due to the fact that my parents had admonished me so very much to take care of my younger sister, but it was deeper in origin and seemed to embrace the whole world. It developed about that age into a feeling that I was so terribly guilty that I corresponded to a 'Jonah,' like the one whose presence risked the lives of all his fellow-travellers in the ship, and that my guilty presence in the world was responsible for disasters to others. I remember clearly one day the lady with whom we stayed reading some paragraph from a paper about a great calamity abroad—I think an earthquake—when I burst out crying, and said: 'Oh, but I can't help it; I can't help it. It is really not my fault.' I have never

entirely lost this sense of *burden*, and I still do my birth control work because I feel that the responsibility for the unborn whom I had not helped would be unbearable if I were not to carry it on.

“Life in the more mellowed atmosphere of Kent, where the only church possible for us to attend at Swanscombe was the English Parish church, removed some of the childish supersensitive feeling of guilt, and life became a little easier, more normal, and less narrow. I remember, however, always feeling on my guard against the errors of the Anglican Church, and although I became a communicant, there were certain words and phrases in the creeds and hymns that would cause me to close my mouth firmly, and that nothing could induce me to say. My father still held aloof from religious discussion, but I had a feeling that when I grew up to him, there within him was wisdom that would understand me and that I could meet. Looking back on the extraordinary intimacy and quite exceptionally profound affection between my father and myself, I feel it very curious that I did not go to him with my religious puzzles. I think possibly I may

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have done so, and that he may have said that I must do what my mother told me in these things till I was older. Certainly about the age of fifteen or sixteen I began to realize the difference between a Friend, that is, a member of the Quaker Society of Friends, and members of other religions, and to feel all my sympathies with the Friends.

When at the age of sixteen I was away at the seaside, somewhere near Folkestone, in a little village (I do not know what was its name), I used to take long rambles by myself, and I remember one Sunday attending a Quaker meeting on an explorative expedition of my own. At that Quakers' meeting a very remarkable incident occurred which made the profoundest impression upon me, and which I have narrated literally in a poem called 'The Brother' in *Man, Other Poems, and a Preface*. This incident coloured my life for many years, and inhibited all further desire openly to become a Quaker. So deep was my affection for my father and our mutual understanding, that I always felt that if I could find the proper, old-fashioned type of Quaker community, there would be my spiritual home.

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“About this time we gave up the Swanscombe home and moved to Hampstead. In this house I had a little study in which I prepared my ordinary school work and, in addition, read unobserved and without even the companionship of my sister. This was a great pleasure, for by this time I had developed a characteristic which has remained with me, that is, intensely to desire as much solitude as is possible, and to feel certain powers and the capacity to understand what I am reading very much reduced by the presence of any other person in the room. From the age of sixteen to eighteen I read voraciously. The Hampstead Lending Library was an exceptionally good one, and I tapped its uttermost resources. I also had access to a number of other supplies of books. I read all sorts of things, but particularly comparative theology, and a number of works seldom read even by adults to-day; for instance, in these years I read pretty nearly everything that I could get in English by Swedenborg, all Kant's voluminous philosophy, and a number of old-fashioned and curiously abstruse books, such as the early histories of the Rosi-

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crucians, translations of the Vedas, books of Buddhistic philosophy, Confucius's writings, and many theological works. Walter Pater and George Meredith were my favourite authors of a lighter kind. I also read all Darwin's published books, and can well remember one Sunday, when about sixteen or seventeen, my mother's sister, a very religious Scottish woman, being shocked by some chance phrase of my father, who was speaking of his collection of flint implements. This aunt was shocked to learn that my father read Darwin and took his work seriously, and still more shocked that mention of such a man should be made in the presence of an innocent young girl. I, naturally enough, championed the cause for which my father stood, and proudly boasted that I also had read Darwin. I remember my aunt said no more, but followed me up to my little study to demand my repentance and recantation. When she could not obtain these, she solemnly committed me to hell. I was still young enough, and the childish memories of hell were still sufficiently easily revived, for this to make a great impression upon me, but, of course, not in the least to

alter my loyalty to my father or to affect the scientific attitude of mind which was growing in me. I remember not very long after that, I think when I was sixteen and a half, being taken for our spring vacation to Jersey, and there delighting in the stretches of rock and solitude into which it was possible to escape owing to the fact that my sister had caught a cold on the voyage and was laid up, and, my mother taking care of her, I was sent out for walks by myself. Here then I found sunny corners and enjoyed what had already become, and has remained through life, one of my deepest enjoyments as well as my greatest restorative—lying flat on my back without moving for hours. In Jersey a spiritual renaissance, one might call it, took place after a succession of such happy days, and that experience is also published in *Man*, in a form written at the time, 'Revelation.'

"I was always very sensitive to the marital relations of those with whom I came in contact, and I remember, as a very young girl, being shocked and hurt by matrimonial bickering. We met Mr. and Mrs. James Huddart (the Huddart who originally

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planned, many years before, the All Red Route *via* Canada and Australia), and I was enchanted by something exceptionally feminine and sweet in Mrs. Huddart, and also by the beautiful devotion of her husband and sons. She reciprocated to some extent the feeling I had for her and became one of my warmest friends, and as a girl I was often invited to stay at her house, and there learnt many things that only an older woman of sweet disposition could teach a girl, and which I should never have learnt but for her. Certainly chief among the lessons she taught me was the recognition of the vital importance of the relationship between the two who are the centre of any home life, and how far-reaching may be the influence of any home. I think I may say that here was laid the first seeds of a desire to do the work which ultimately resulted in *Married Love*.

“The religious phases of my early childhood having been lived through, I naturally enough entered into a phase of scientific materialism, but had already grown out of it by the time I was commencing my college studies, and I remember the keen sense of appreciation and delight with which I

listened to Professor Sir William Ramsay, whose classes I attended, once speaking to his large chemistry class, when dealing with the waves of light in vacuum tubes, of the mysticism which is compatible with a profound knowledge of science. I cannot remember his exact words, but they were to the effect that atheism and hostility to religion was no longer in keeping with a really profound knowledge of the wonders of natural science, and that whenever one knew more deeply the details of any subject, it led always to an ultimate mystery in which one might well maintain that the truths of religion could reside. So far as I can remember that was the only reference of any sort at all that I heard to either religion or the deeper philosophy of life in the whole of my time as a student at the University, and his few words, passed over so swiftly in his physical chemistry lecture, left me with a sense of tremendous respect for Sir William Ramsay.

Before my first term at college I had reached the phase in my inner development that included a great deal of reading on psychological and psychic themes, and so,

naturally enough, I wanted to see if I had any psychic powers. At first I spoke to no one about these subjects. No one at all, neither my teacher, nor my college friends; only my school friend, Olga Kaptein, was in the least degree in my confidence, and she not very completely, as by this time she was staying once more in Amsterdam. I tested in one or two ways at the University whether I had power to hypnotize and perform some of the various semi-psychic tricks made much of in some of the books I was then reading. Under the influence of a member of the Theosophical Society I found I had undoubtedly such powers, but I very sanely came to the conclusion that their use was mean—not quite playing the game—and also that I should undoubtedly be in danger of becoming nervous and ‘queer,’ as I observed the people who claimed such powers generally were. Hence I, to myself, formally, definitely and specifically renounced their use, and decided for the next few years, at any rate, to lead my life in accordance with the revelation in Jersey. I have never again attempted to use these powers.

“Now, many years later, I still think it



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most important not to hasten the human acquisition of what we call supernatural or supernormal powers. I feel that having taken so long a time to become human, and being now in the present imperfect link between the past and the future, we serve the race and whatever cosmic design there may be behind our existence best by being the best kind of human beings we can; by starving neither our bodies nor our minds, nor wearing out one aspect of ourselves at the expense of normality. The neurotic, half-starved, highly-abnormal ascetic, the psychic, the 'spiritual' healer, and other cranks generally fill me with a slight feeling of repugnance and a profound feeling of regret that they took on a job for which they are so obviously unfitted. Even as a young girl I did not wish to become like that. My ambition is to be as normal, healthy, and wholesome a human being as I can be while I am a human being; it will not be very long in any event, even if one outlives the Biblical three-score years and ten.

"I have always had a peculiar sympathy with stones, undoubtedly inherited, for my father's delight in fossils and flint imple-

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ments is traceable to his earliest childhood, and I have a sympathy with them which, curiously enough, often includes a knowledge of where they are, almost as if I were a stone-diviner, like water-diviners. Their smell delights me. Of course not all stones have a very noticeable smell, but to me, in quarries, almost every freshly chipped stone has a peculiar, and most have a pleasing, smell. The consciousness of fossils, even at a distance from them, has often manifested itself most usefully in my expeditions, and I may give just one example of this. I remember Dr. D. H. Scott, the leading English palæobotanist, in a discussion at the Linnean Society, speaking of a classical find of a well-preserved fossil in the Isle of Wight, saying that in this deposit, which he had himself examined, there remained no more petrifications. Like a sudden flash of light a queer, intense feeling came to me that there were lots of petrifications there calling to me and waiting to be found. Within a few weeks I was able to take my vacation in that locality, at Luccomb Chine in the Isle of Wight, and spent the first day lying comfortably on the shore in hot sunshine gazing up

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at the cliffs. By the afternoon I had come to the conclusion that at a certain point up the cliffs I should find these specimens, and the next day I went there and found enough to enable me to bring away nearly a bushel, many of which were new to science, and some of which are described and illustrated in my volume on the Palæontology of this horizon, published by the Trustees of the British Museum (Appendix B, p. 217).

“Useful in another way is this sympathy with stones, and I remember on one occasion my sister and I had spent a whole holiday together camping in a cave on the coast of Devonshire. She and I had played at Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday for five or six weeks, sleeping in this cave by the sea with a sense of perfect security and peace, when one night I suddenly felt that I must not allow her to stop there, for it would be most dangerous for us to sleep there, and we must go into the open. We shifted our sleeping bags along the pebbles of the beach, right into the open and away from the cave, leaving however all our little cooking utensils and other camp equipment in the cave. When I went back next morning I found

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part of the roof had fallen in, with a large slab of stone just where my head would have been. The next night we were quite calmly and happily sleeping in the cave again, probably most foolishly, but nothing happened.

“Possibly correlated with this feeling for stones is the consciousness I have had since early childhood in my spine of the direction of the north. It is as though I were a magnet, and I shall never forget my delight, when I was a girl, at discovering Du Maurier’s book, ‘Peter Ibbetson,’ in which one of the characters is conscious of the position of the north, for I thought I alone was peculiar in this, and was greatly pleased to find that someone else shared that sensitiveness. In childhood it took the curious form of making me twist round and wake with a dazed feeling in bed if my bed was placed wrongly. And still, unless I sleep either north and south, or south and north, I tend to twist round in the night and lie in the direction of the magnetic field, sometimes waking up to find myself lying right across the bed if I am staying in a house where the bed cannot be placed correctly before I go to sleep. A long illness, or a number of nights

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in London or a big city, tend to reduce this sensitiveness, but when I have been long alone or in the country it becomes intensely strong, and I remember being tested once in a thick fog—a fog so blanket-like that one could not see a yard before one's face, when I was being trained by Mr. W. H. Dalton, F.G.S., a member of the Geological Survey. At first he laughed at my saying that I could feel the north, and led me zigzags and twists and turns, and then tested me with his compass. Every time I was dead right. Since I have had an operation however this capacity is much reduced, and I only feel it intermittently, depending, I fancy, on some electrical condition of the atmosphere.

“My passion for solitude resulted in a very curious initiation for me at the beginning of the war. I had, when staying earlier as a guest of Lord and Lady Grey at Howick Castle, been greatly attracted by the long stretches of sandy bays and quiet rocks in the neighbourhood, absolutely out of reach of the tripper, and longed to pitch my tent there, which I did, through their kindness, in the summer of 1914. This time I had not even my sister with me, desiring to be abso-

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lutely alone, because I felt within me ripe for birth a very long poem which, at the time, seemed important. Life in my tiny tent, weighing only two pounds, had for years been one of my principal enjoyments, and I fixed my tent on psamma grass at the corner of a rocky bay with wide stretches of sand between me and the sunsets. There I deliberately cut myself off from everyone, only going into a neighbouring farmhouse now and then to get fresh scones and bread, and having milk brought to me by one of the farmer's bonny children. I deliberately refused to read newspapers, and the result was that I had no conception that even a cloud or rumour of war had settled on Europe. I had not heard of the murders at Serajevo. One evening, however, I suddenly felt that the long poem I had come to write had died within me. In the dusk I felt, literally, that I suddenly saw, green and horrible, the corpse of a young man and another standing over him smiting at his dead body. The impression was most vivid, and for two days afterwards I was restless, and could not concentrate in the least on the work I had intended to do. The third night

after this I, still unconscious as an unborn babe that anything in the way of war was affecting Europe, tucked myself into my sleeping bag, lying with my head and shoulders outside my tent, as I generally slept, and went off into a sound sleep, to be awakened most startlingly by a young man with a bayonet shouting to me 'Halt! Who goes there?' Wakened out of sleep, I replied rather absurdly, 'Halt yourself; I am lying down.' I had not succeeded in explaining my existence to the young man before another young man with a fixed bayonet rushed up to him and the bayonets clashed. I thought the two were going to fight each other, both contending that I was their prisoner. I, thinking it was some absurd joke and that an appeal to Lord Grey would straighten matters out, explained that I was there, although not in the house, in a sense as the guest and under the protection of the Greys, and they might leave me in peace until the morning and then decide whose prisoner I really was. Their story that a war was on I took as nonsense. They allowed me to sleep, and by six o'clock in the morning, after some hours of cold, wet mists,

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both of them were very thankful, rancour ended, to creep to my tent for a cup of hot cocoa. One, a young fellow from Manchester, had not weathered a night on a solitary coast before, and his teeth were literally chattering. I got out my maps and directed them to the nearest place where they could get a square meal, and that was the last I heard of being anybody's prisoner. I went however into the village to buy newspapers and, running across Viscount Howick (now Lord Grey), was reassured by his telling me that his uncle, Sir Edward, was at the helm and doing everything possible to maintain peace. He asked me to hop into his car, and went round villages and outlying districts reassuring and calming the people. Soon, warships were stationed directly opposite us and rushed up and down, because a landing was actually expected within a mile or two of where I was camping, and the Greys were hurriedly turning Howick Castle into a potential hospital. I think no one who was plunged into the horror of the war thus with no preparation, can ever get over the shock of the first few days and of the news of what was done



Inner home life : Dr. Stopes as gardener, and her husband with the car,

in Belgium. Perhaps the next generation may again feel the ease and security that we all felt before this war, but shall never feel again. Since that poem was slain on Howick shore, I have never really been able to do the things that I have personally wanted most to do, always being impelled to expend what power I had only on things that seem urgently necessary, either in connection with scientific research on coal and fuel, or in connection with the sex and birth control work. Since the publication of *Married Love* early in 1918, nearly the whole of my time has been spent in a very inadequate response to the anguished cries of poor mothers and their potential babies for that knowledge and help which is available if it can but be brought to them.

“1918 was an important year; I published *Married Love*, *Wise Parenthood*, and, in conjunction with Dr. R. V. Wheeler, *The Constitution of Coal*, and I met and married my husband, Humphrey Verdon Roe.

“In 1920 I was impelled, against my worldly judgment, to publish a brief piece of writing called *The New Gospel to All Peoples*. In its preface I explained how

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and why it was written, and sent to each of the Bishops in Conference at Lambeth in that year. About sending it to the Bishops I had no hesitation, my orders were so explicit, but my mundane intelligence was perfectly aware that from a purely worldly point of view I was doing a foolish thing in *publishing* it. The matter was simply taken out of my hands however, and my inner life rendered unlivable until I decided to do what was necessary to get it published. When I say that I was unwilling to publish it, I do not mean to imply that I in any way shirk what is said therein; but knowing the materialistic spirit which rules the greater part of the intellectual world at present, I knew very well that I was, to some extent, jeopardizing the approval of those whose opinion I valued. Beyond a little chaff however and the antagonism of a few materialists, I have suffered nothing to weigh in the balance against the wonderful adherence of other souls and the joy of seeing my message spreading in the whole Empire, now often from the lips of others. For instance, that great heroine, Lady Constance Lytton, wrote to me: 'I cannot say how much I

thank you for sending me your beautiful *A New Gospel*. It is so reverently given forth, so beautiful in the way it is given. I have promised to write a little article on Constructive Birth Control. I hope you will approve of it, for all I know of constructive birth control is through you.'

"The work for birth control and a reformation in the sex life of the people has for years been a consciously performed task—but all the time I realize that the need for it is a phase in human progress, and my immortal soul has other interests—and a desire 'to paint the things as I see them for the God of things as they are.' And among the things I have always desired to do is to write a volume of fairy tales. In my opinion, fairy tales rank among the very highest form of literature. I remember Professor Alexander, the Professor of Philosophy, once saying that all our scientific discoveries were ephemeral and bound to be swept away, and that the only really lasting thing anyone could do is to write a poem. I incline now to agree with him, although then I hotly disputed his conclusion. A good fairy tale, being essentially a poem though in prose,

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might have well-nigh as long a life as a poem. But in the press of work of recent years I have not had time to write the volume of tales I so much desire, and only one or two have been completed and published. Certainly one of my proudest achievements is the fact that I have had a fairy tale in the *Fortnightly Review*, the only fairy tale, I think, that periodical ever published. I have also had two or three fairy tales in the *English Review*; but the rest have either been slaughtered unborn, or await the leisure I am always longing once more to have, to do the things that *I want to do* instead of those I am impelled to do by the present crisis in human affairs.

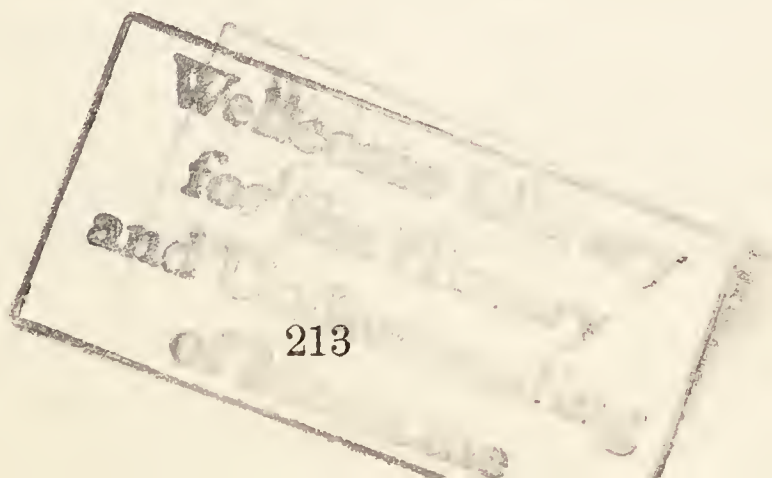
“What am I? An immortal soul, having lived previously to this particular life on earth, and destined to live again after my body wears out; of that I am as certain as that I am in the world at present. *Nothing* can remove me from the universe; one plays at being human for a while, and it is great fun. *Why* one is given such hard jobs and has to encounter such difficulties on one's own behalf and on behalf of others I don't know, but I still feel as I felt at the age of six-

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teen and a half when I wrote the poem 'Revelation' (later on published in *Man, Other Poems, and a Preface*), that one should 'be tranquil, at the same time that you strive . . . for joyous life alone is perfected.' "

The sketch of her inner life given in the above autobiographical notes may well conclude this short life of one who is still in mid-career.

Dr. Stopes is an example of the truth of John Stuart Mill's forecast that, as soon as the obstacles that hampered the exercise of women's powers were removed, they would prove themselves the equals of the best men in fields where they had heretofore always been regarded as inferior. Though she is a very modern woman, Dr. Stopes, in another aspect, reminds one by the variety of her achievements of those artist-scientists of the Renaissance who, before specialization had become so customary as it is to-day, claimed all science and all art as their province. —



APPENDIX A.

List of Books and Pamphlets by Dr. Marie Stopes.

SEXOLOGY.

- "Contraception."** Published by Bale and Danielsson, 1923, pp. xxiii, 1-418, plates iv.
- "Married Love."** First published by Fifield, 1918; now in Fourteenth Edition, published by Putnams, pp. xxi, 1-169.
- "Wise Parenthood."** First published by Fifield, 1918; now in Eleventh Edition, published by Putnams, 1918, pp. xii, 1-62.
- "Radiant Motherhood."** Published by Putnams, 1920, pp. ix, 1-236.
- "Truth about Venereal Disease."** Published by Putnams, 1921, pp. vii, 1-52.
- "A New Gospel."** Published by A. L. Humphreys, 1922, pp. 1-27.
- "A Letter to Working Mothers."** Published by the Author, 1919; now by the Clinic; pp. 1-16.
- "Early Days of Birth Control."** Published by Putnams, 1922, pp. 1-32.
- "Mother, how was I Born?"** Published by Putnams, 1923, pp. 1-25.
- "The Control of Parenthood."** By the Bishop of Birmingham and others. Edited by Rev. Sir James Marchant. (One Chapter in this published by Putnams.)

Appendix A

- "Queen's Hall Meeting on C.B.C."** Published by Putnams, 1921. Pp. 1-48. (Contains report of Dr. Stopes's speech.)
- "Verbatim Report of the Town Hall Meeting."** Published by the Voluntary Parenthood League, New York City, 1921. Pp. 1-23. (Contains report of Dr. Stopes's speech.)
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BOTANY.

- "Ancient Plants."** Published by Blackie and Son, 1910. Pp. viii, 1-199.
- "The Study of Plant Life."** Published by Blackie, 1906. Pp. xii, 1-202.
- "Exploitation of Plants."** Edited by Prof. Oliver. Published by Dent. (One Chapter in this.)
- "The Sportophyte: 'The Botanical Punch.'"** Founded and Edited for the years 1911-1914.
-

TRAVEL.

- "A Journal from Japan."** Pp. 1-250, illustrated. Published by Blackie.
-

LITERARY.

- "Man, Other Poems and a Preface."** Pp. 1-76. Published by Heinemann.
- "Conquest,"** a Three-Act Play. Published by French. Pp. 1-94.
- "Gold in the Wood"** and **"The Race."** Two Plays. Published by Fifield. Pp. 1-101.

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“**Our Ostriches.**” Produced at the Court Theatre. Published by Putnams, 1923. Pp.1-105.

“**Plays of Old Japan : The Nō.**” (With Prof. J. Sakurai.) Published by Heinemann. Pp. 1-102, illustrated.

“**A Japanese Mediæval Drama.**” *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, vol. 29 ; (separate) pp. 1-26.

Also fairy stories in the *Fortnightly Review*, *English Review* ; articles in *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Science Progress*, Reviews in the *Athenæum*, etc.

APPENDIX B.

List of Dr. Stopes's Scientific Memoirs, etc., Embodying her New Discoveries.

- “**Contribution Paléobotanique à la Connaissance du Charbon.**” Résumé of Communication to the Congress in Paris. Published in *Chaleur et Industrie*, Paris, 1923.
- “**The Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.**” (With Prof. R. V. Wheeler.) Bulletin No. 1 of “Fuel.” Published *Colliery Guardian*, London, 1923, pp. 1-125, 2 plates and text figs.
- “**Terminology in Coal Research.**” (With Prof. R. V., Wheeler.) In “Fuel,” London, 1923, pp. 5-9, 1 plate.
- “**The Constitution of Coal, Palæobotanical Aspects.**” Lecture published (with those of others in pamphlet called “Coal”), Colliery Guardian Company, London, 1922, pp. 1-8, and text figs.
- “**The Missing Link in Osmundites.**” *Annals of Botany*, vol. 35, 1921, pp. 56-61, text fig. and plate.
- “*Bennettites Scottii*, Sp. Nov., **A European Petrification with Foliage.**” Extr. *Linnean Society's Journal*, 1920, vol. 44, pp. 483-496, plates xix and xx.
- “**The Four Visible Ingredients in Banded Bituminous Coal: Studies in the Composition of Coal,**” No. 1. *Proceedings Royal Society B*, vol. 90, 1919, pp. 470-487, plates xi and xii.

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- "New Bennettitean Cones from the British Cretaceous."** *Phil. Transactions Royal Society B*, vol. 208, 1918, pp. 389-440, plates xix-xxiv.
- "The Constitution of Coal."** (With Dr. R. V. Wheeler.) Monograph, published by H.M. Stationery Office for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, 1918, pp. 1-58, plates i-iii.
- "Roots in Bennettites."** *Annals of Botany*, vol. 31, 1917, No. 122, pp. 257-259, plate xiv.
- "Plants as a Source of National Power in the Exploitation of Plants."** Edited by Prof. F. W. Oliver. Published Dent, 1917, pp. 155-170.
- "An Early Type of the Abietineæ (?) from the Cretaceous of New Zealand."** *Annals of Botany*, vol. 30, 1916, pp. 111-125, text figs. 1-7, plates iv.
- "The Cretaceous Flora in the British Museum (Natural History), Part II: Lower Greensand (Aptian) Plants of Britain."** Published by the Trustees of the British Museum, 1915, pp. i-xxxvi, 1-360, plates i-xxxii, 112 text figs.
- "The 'Fern Ledges' Carboniferous Flora of St. John, New Brunswick."** Published by the Geological Survey of Canada: Memoir 41, Ottawa 1914, pp. i-vi, 1-142, plates i-xxv, 21 text figs.
- "The Cretaceous Flora in the British Museum (Natural History), Part I: Bibliography, Algæ and Fungi."** Published by the Trustees of the British Museum, 1913, pp. i-xxiii, 1-285, plates i-xi, 25 text figs.
- "A New Cretaceous Plant from Nigeria."** *Geological Magazine*, Dec. 5, 1914, vol. 1, No. 604, pp. 433-435, plate xxxiii, text fig.

Appendix B

- "A New *Araucarioxylon* from New Zealand."** (Published by permission of the Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand.) *Annals of Botany*, vol. 28, 1914, pp. 341-350, plates xx, text figs. 1-3.
- "Palæobotany: Its Past and Its Future."** *Knowledge*, vol. 37, 1914, pp. 15-24, figs. 24-30.
- "Palæobotany versus Stratigraphy in New Brunswick."** *British Association Report*, 1912, Dundee.
- "The Red Crag Portrait."** *Geological Magazine*, vol. 9, Dec. 5, 1912, pp. 285-6, text fig. 1.
- "Petrifactions of the Earliest European Angiosperms."** *Proceedings Royal Society B*, vol. 85, 1912 (Abstract).
- "Petrifactions of the Earliest European Angiosperms."** *Transactions Royal Society B*, vol. 203, 1912, pp. 75-100, plates vi-viii.
- "The Correct Name for the Dragon Tree of the Kentish Rag."** *Geological Magazine*, vol. 8, 1911, No. 568, pp. 467-9.
- "The Dragon Tree of the Kentish Rag."** *Geological Magazine*, vol. 8, Dec. 5, 1911, pp. 55-59, text fig.
- "On the True Nature of the Cretaceous Plant *Ophio-glossum granulatum*, Heer."** *Annals of Botany*, vol. 25, 1911, pp. 903-907, text figs. 1-2.
- "A Reply to Prof. Jeffrey's Article on *Yezonia* and *Cryptomeriopsis*."** *Annals of Botany*, vol. 25, 1911, pp. 269-270.
- "The Value and Interest of Japanese Fossils."** *Transactions Japan Society*, vol. 9, 1910, pp. 1-12, plates i-iii.
- "Further Observations on the Fossil Flower, *Creto-varium*."** *Annals of Botany*, vol. 24, 1910, pp. 679-681, plates lvi-lvii.

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- "Adventitious Budding and Branching in *Cycas*."** *New Phytologist*, vol. 9, 1910, pp. 235-241, text figs. 8-14.
- "The Anatomy of Cretaceous Pine Leaves."** (With Miss Kershaw.) *Annals of Botany*, vol. 24, 1910, pp. 395-402, plates xxvii-xxviii.
- "The Internal Anatomy of *Nilssonia Orientalis*."** *Annals of Botany*, vol. 24, 1910, pp. 389-393, plate xxvi.
- "Studies on the Structure and Affinities of Cretaceous Plants."** (With Prof. Fujii.) *Phil. Transactions Royal Society B*, vol. 201, 1910, pp. 1-90, plates i-ix.
- "Plant containing Nodules from Japan."** *Quarterly Journal Geological Society*, vol. 65, 1909, pp. 195-205, plate ix.
- "On the Tent-building Habits of the Ant *Lasius niger* Linn. in Japan."** (With Dr. Gordon Hewitt.) "Memoirs" and *Proceedings Manchester Literary Philo. Society*, vol. 53, 1909, pt. 3, pp. 1-6, plate 1.
- "On the Present Distribution and Origin of the Calcareous Concretions in Coal Seams, known as 'Coal Balls.'"** (With D. M. S. Watson.) *Phil. Transactions Royal Society B*, vol. 200, 1908, pp. 167-218, plates xvii-xix.
- "The Flora of the Inferior Oolite of Brora."** *Quarterly Journal Geological Society*, vol. 63, 1907, pp. 375-382, plate xxvii.
- "The Relation of the Concretionary Nodules of the Yarra to the Calcareous Nodules known as 'Coal Balls.'"** *Geological Magazine*, Dec. 5, 1907, vol. 4, pp. 106-108.
- "The Xerophytic Character of the Gymnosperms."** *New Phytologist*, vol. 6, 1907, pp. 46-50.

Appendix B

- "A Note on a Wounded Calamite."** *Annals Botany*, vol. 21, 1907, pp. 277-280, plate xxiii, text figs. 1-4.
- "The Nutritive Relations of the Surrounding Tissues to the Archegonia in Gymnosperms."** (With Prof. Fujii.) *Beihefte zum Botan. Centralblatt*, vol. 20, 1906, pp. 1-24, plate 1.
- "A New Fern from the Coal Measures: *Tubicaulis Sutcliffii*, Sp. Nov."** "Memoirs" and *Proceedings Manchester Literary Philo. Society*, vol. 50, 1906, pp. 1-34, plates i-iii.
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APPENDIX C.

THE TENETS OF THE C.B.C.

The objects for which the C.B.C. was founded are as follows:—

THE objects of the Society are (a) to bring home to all the fundamental nature of the reforms involved in conscious and constructive control of conception and the illumination of sex life as a basis of racial progress; (b) to consider the individual, national, international, racial, political, economic, scientific, spiritual and other aspects of the theme, for which purpose meetings will be held, publications issued, Research Committees, Commissions of Enquiry and other activities will be organized from time to time as circumstances require and facilities offer; (c) to supply all who still need it with the full knowledge of sound physiological methods of control.

As these objects indicate, **the scope of the Society is very wide, its interests far-reaching, and its possibilities of future development very elastic.** Even to-day the tenets which appear fundamental to different members of the Society will naturally vary, hence **no one of the following is binding on an individual member. General agreement with the objects of the Society suffices for membership.**

Nevertheless, it has been felt that it would be useful explicitly to state in concise form what may be described as the bedrock of general agreement in the Society. This is as follows:—

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1.—The hygiene of sex is as suitable and proper a subject for scientific and serious study as the hygiene of nutrition, locomotion, or any other human function.

2.—Owing to the shamefaced attitude which has until recently characterized our dealings with the subject, all the manifold data involved in the different aspects of sex life have not had the direct, scientific and physiological handling they deserve and require. We deplore this and shall endeavour to remedy it.

3.—We maintain that the highest spiritual development, the noblest intellectual illumination, and the sweetest romantic possibilities of individual sex experience, are not damaged by sound scientific knowledge, but contrariwise, are enhanced and elevated.

4.—We consider that in relation to the procreation of additional members of the community, the best possible knowledge of scientific and technical details should be available to those undertaking this important social duty.

5.—We believe that the haphazard production of children by ignorant, coerced, or diseased mothers is profoundly detrimental to the race. We believe, therefore, that parenthood should no longer be the result of ignorance or accident, but should be a power used voluntarily and with knowledge.

6.—We maintain that to achieve this result a knowledge of the simple hygiene of contraception is essential.

7.—We advocate no individual contraceptive measure as final or fundamental, but maintain that the **best** measures **available** at any time should be taught and known by the people.

8.—We desire to keep constantly in touch with all advances in science which may have a bearing on the practical details of contraceptive measures, and for this

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purpose we have organized a Medical Research Committee to keep our Society informed as to the current scientific position of the hygiene of contraception.

9.—AS REGARDS THE POPULATION AT PRESENT.

We say that there are unfortunately many men and women who should be prevented from procreating children at all, because of their individual ill-health, or the diseased and degenerate nature of the offspring that they may be expected to produce. These considerations would not apply to a better and healthier world.

10.—There are many women unfortunately so constructed—suffering from weakness of certain organs—that they would risk death if they were to attempt to bear children, and who, therefore, should not bear them.

11.—There are unfortunately many couples so ill-provided with this world's goods, or with means to acquire them, that they cannot support further children, and therefore should not bear them. Women, owing to their own or their husband's incapacity to be self-supporting, may be permanently or temporarily in such a position owing to disaster or unemployment. The following Resolution was passed by our Society :

Resolution passed at General Meeting November 22nd, 1921.

“ Both to spare your own personal distress and to avoid bringing a weakly child into the world, it is important that all should realize that no one should conceive in times of individual misery or ill-health. Of course wherever a child is already on the way, the best must be made of it. But sound and wholesome methods of Birth Control (Control of Conception) are known, and advice

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will be given free by a qualified nurse to all unemployed married persons who present this slip at the Mother's Clinic, 61, Marlborough Road, Holloway, London, N. 19."

12.—The Society approves and welcomes the work done by the first British Birth Control Clinic (The Mother's Clinic, 61, Marlborough Road, Holloway, N.19), where the very poor and ignorant receive personal instruction ; but we consider that this public service should not be left to private enterprise to maintain, and hence that the Ministry of Health should supply suitable help and contraceptive instruction to working-class women at the many Ante-natal Clinics, Welfare Centres, etc., already in existence all over the country.

13.—We maintain that science has already made available contraceptive measures as safe and as simple to use as any other hygienic measures widely known and practised, such as brushing one's teeth, or the removal daily of a dental plate by one who has artificial teeth. We, therefore, maintain that knowledge and instruction in these matters for the normal and healthy is an **hygienic** and not a medical matter. The problem of controlling conception on the part of those who are diseased, abnormal and unhealthy is on the other hand a purely medical matter and may involve measures which this Society would not advocate for general use.

14.—We as a Society are at present working for the dissemination of the best possible hygienic knowledge to all who are intelligent enough to be capable of using it, but we recognize the grave National problem raised by the fertility of those too degenerate or too careless to be capable of using any form of contraceptive.

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15.—We are convinced that children spaced by voluntary means have a less mortality, and that the mother of such children has time to recover her health and attend to the young child in a better way, than if the pregnancies follow rapidly one after the other, and we are therefore in favour of voluntarily spacing all the desired children of even the healthiest woman.

16.—In short, we are profoundly and fundamentally a pro-baby organisation, in favour of producing the largest possible number of healthy, happy children without detriment to the mother, and with the minimum wastage of infants by premature death. We, therefore, as a Society, regret the relatively small families of those best fitted to care for children. In this connection our motto has been "Babies in the right place," and it is just as much the aim of Constructive Birth Control to secure conception to those married people who are healthy, childless, and desire children, as it is to furnish security from conception to those who are racially diseased, already overburdened with children, or in any specific way unfitted for parenthood.

17.—We hold no fixed opinions concerning the total numbers either of individual families or of populations, desiring only that the **optimum** shall be attained.

Passed by the Executive Committee, C.B.C.

March, 1923.

Everyone who is interested in securing the best future for our Race should join the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress. Apply for Membership forms to the Hon. Secretary, C.B.C., 4-5, Adam St., Adelphi, London, W.C.2. Gerrard 4431.

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